

# MID-WEEK Pictorial

## THE NEWSPICTURE WEEKLY

A GALLANT LEADER



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

LONDON FOR PRESIDENT



ALF M. LANDON

November 4, 1936

Vol. XLIV

No. 12

**TEN CENTS**ALL ROADS LEAD TO  
WARA NEW START IN LIFE  
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WHAT'S IN A FACE?

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THE BEAUTIFUL,  
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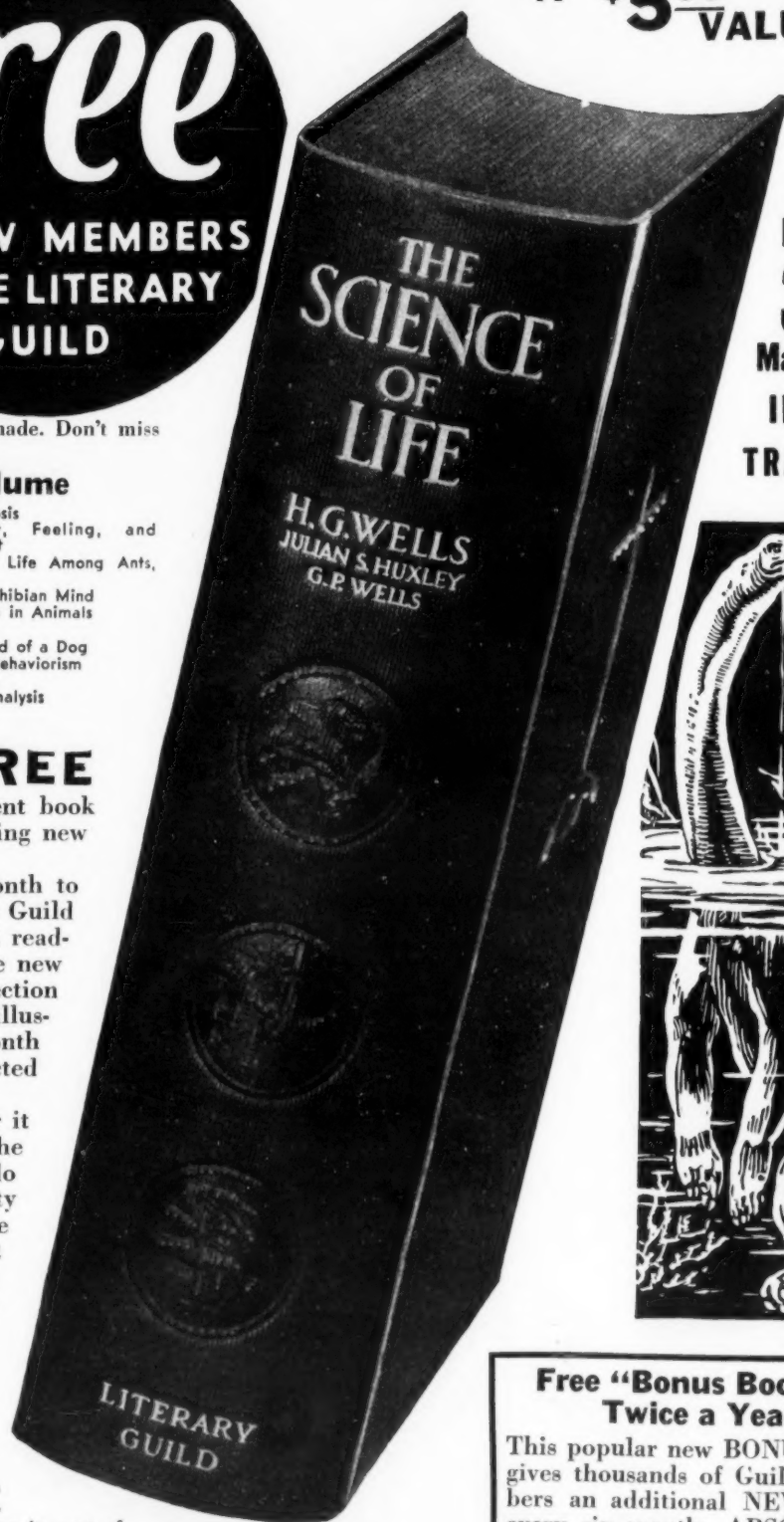
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## MID-WEEK Pictorial THE NEWSPICTURE WEEKLY

Editor and Publisher: Monte Bourjaily  
Managing Editor: Franz Hoellering  
Advertising Manager: Robert Feldman

Entire contents copyrighted, 1936, by Pictorial Publications, Inc.  
Editorial and Publication Offices: 148 East 47th Street, New York.  
Subscription rates: One year, \$3.50 in U. S. and Canada; \$5.50 elsewhere.  
Changes of Address: Two weeks' notice required for change of address. When ordering a change, please give both new and old addresses.  
Communications: Address all photos, manuscripts and letters to the Editor; all correspondence relating to advertising, to the Advertising Manager; all correspondence regarding subscriptions, to the Circulation Manager.

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly

# Men—here's RAZOR BLADE NEWS

# 80

# MARLIN

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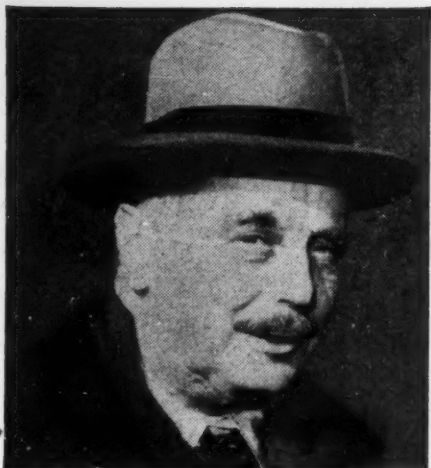
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H. G. WELLS

"When you tell me I am 70 it is as if my nurse were coming to me to say 'Bertie, it is getting late—time to put those toys away.'"

Wide World



JOHN W. DAVIS

The Democratic Party's Presidential candidate in 1924 last week took a walk, joined Al Smith, 1928 candidate

Wide World



SAMUEL KAGAN

Soviet Charge d'affaires in London, got no action from the committee for non-intervention in Spain

Wide World



"WOODY" HOCKADAY

He sneaked up on a platform, hurled a bag of feathers upon a surprised Father Coughlin and got what you see

Wide World

# MID-WEEK Pictorial

## THE NEWSPICTURE WEEKLY

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

### Cross Currents

THE Biggest Show on Earth is drawing to a close. The great American public is about to say it with votes. The quadrennial event will give us the president who will guide the nation for four years from January 1, 1937. Then we will all turn back to our tasks, whether the result is to our liking or not.

That is the great lesson of Democracy, the great contribution of this Republic, the distinguishing feature of the American temperament, that the will of the majority prevails, the minority accepts its defeat gracefully, and everyone puts his shoulder to the wheel once the result is known.

It is a far cry from the national elections held in the Third Reich, where no opposition ticket is permitted, no opposition speeches heard, no choice is given the voter but to vote for the Hitler regime or stay away from the polls, and if he does stay away, earn the name of a dissenter and take the consequences.

It is unlike anything known in Fascist Italy, where elections are superfluous, and the popular will is regimented, where power is centralized in the single will of Il Duce, and the nearest approach to popular participation in the regime is through the Party council of which he is the supreme head.

It is a stranger to the intricate system of communes by which the Soviet chooses its administrators, starting with the simple town-meeting-like local communes and working up to the all-powerful all-Russia Central committee whose members, however, are subservient to the will of one man, the dictator, Josef Stalin.

Even in European countries where Democratic forms still obtain, there is little similarity between our presidential election and the elections which turn over governments with such frequency as in France and, less often, in England. For in such countries, the ruling party is in power only at the pleasure of the parliament, or commons, and when there is no clear majority, "the rascals are turned out" with a frequency that is beyond the understanding of an American used to putting his president in the White House once in four years, and forgetting about him until another four years come around.

We, too, can forget the election and look ahead to the next four years with confidence.

The country is fairly bursting with pent-up energy released on the wave of recovery sweeping the land. Such a conservative source as Chairman Taylor of the United States Steel Corporation announces the rhythm of recovery has been reestablished

Millions upon millions are being spent to enlarge plants in the steel centers and these will mean work for the builders and work for the steel workers. It marks the breaking of the jam in this basic heavy industry, the release of millions of dollars, the creation of thousands of jobs.

An equally conservative source, the United States Chamber of Commerce, reports the return to private industry of 7,000,000 men and women since the low point of the depression. Other reports from the same source reveal sensational gains in exports of manufactures. Good as that news is, and important in our recovery as increased foreign trade may be, the problem of creating a better market at home for American-made goods remains the most important in our economic scheme.

It is enlightened national self-interest to make better customers of our masses at home, provide jobs that will increase their income, enable them to buy more goods, and spread the boasted American living scale to all corners of our country and all classes of our people.

The only possible rift in our lute of recovery is the possibility of war in Europe, and that need not be a serious rift for us, economically speaking, if we know enough to stay out of it. One thing the recent depression, and the nationalist governments in Europe have done, is to force us to economic self-dependence. And while much of the old foreign trade has gone aglimmering behind old-world barriers, we have learned to be self-sufficient without foreign trade.

In our own hemisphere, there is peace from the Arctic to the Antarctic, and an American peace conference convoked by President Roosevelt will soon seek to cement this peace at Buenos Aires. There the problems of the western Hemisphere will be threshed out and perhaps the danger which is fast enveloping the old world will be analyzed and the nations of the new world will happily find a way to save themselves from its dire tentacles.

If America can be saved from the next European war, which seems so terribly inevitable, this land and those of our neighbors will bless the democratic institutions which have taken such firm hold in the Americas. Without overlooking excesses which have marred the course of democratic government in Latin-American countries, it is gratifying to note that for the moment all is peaceful and serene from Canada to the Argentine, and the outlook for continued peace among the American nations is secure.



G. B. SHAW

"Poor old Wells—he's going on for 80 and I'm going on for 90—poor old Wells."

Wide World



JAMES P. WARBURG

Now, because of the tripartite monetary and the reciprocal trade agreements, he'll vote for Roosevelt

Wide World



DR. MARCELINO PASCUA

Ambassador of the Republic of Spain to the USSR, got action from the Kremlin

Wide World



BISHOP MICHAEL GALLAGHER

Quietly this superior to Father Coughlin went to dinner with President Roosevelt, later refused to comment on table talk

Wide World





Says James Aloysius Farley: "Roosevelt will win every state he won in '32 and a few more."

## Happy Ending

A few more days and the tumult and the shouting will die and next-door neighbors will sit back and laugh and shake hands and confess that the nation was not really in peril, that practically all the issues voted on were unimportant, irrelevant—effluvia. And America will proceed on its way . . . regardless of false fears and hoping not too many promises were false, looking forward to four years of plenty, with the prospect of jobs for all who will work the brightest in seven years.



Says John Daniel Miller Hamilton: "Landon will carry every state north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi."



From our album  
of famous Photos

# Political Flashbacks



Wide World

Al Smith plying newly-elected President Roosevelt with avuncular congratulation on a November day in 1932



International

The Salvation Army's 1935 drive-fund dinner caused Al Smith and Herbert Hoover, platform rivals in 1928, to clasp hands and smile



International

Huey Long kingfishing at a Louisiana Public Service Commission meeting with James O'Connor, into whose arms he reeled in September, 1935, saying "Jimmy, my boy, I'm shot"





International

# Navy Day

For the fifteenth successive year the Navy League, civilian organization of supporters of Uncle Sam's armed forces afloat, celebrated October 27, the late Theodore Roosevelt's birthday, as Navy Day. The Navy itself celebrated by being "at home" on various ships to visitors and by participating in parades in various cities. This unusual view is taken looking out from under a couple of 16-inchers at a fleet of Uncle Sam's ponderous "battle wagons."





International

**RUSSIA:** An adamant Soviet drafts a drastic move to save Spain's Democratic regime, denounces fascist Germany, Italy and Portugal, the impotency of England and France, strengthens herself for eventualities. Defense Commissar K. E. Voroshilov tells the crew of the Soviet battleship Marat what the future may expect from them

# EUROPE:

Spain Burns . . . Russia Threatens . . . England Fidgets . . .  
France Worries . . . Germany and Italy Form a Common  
Fascist Front . . . Belgium Hurries to Get Out of the Way . . .  
Europe Again Seems About to Explode



International

**ENGLAND:** Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin as he returned from vacation to No. 10 Downing Street to talk things over with Anthony Eden. Things: what to do with an adamant Spain, what to do about Belgium's neutrality which leaves London only twenty minutes warning against possible air raids from Germany



Black Star

**BELGIUM:** King Leopold assures France and England that his new neutrality policy is merely a general long-range one of "withdrawing from the quarrels of neighbors." But Belgium fascists boast they now near their goal to control Belgium, will eventually succeed in turning it from pro-France to pro-German





GERMANY, ITALY, AUSTRIA, HUNGARY: Three of a kind, with variations, are these up and coming dictators marching behind the coffin of Premier Goemboes of Hungary. Gen. Hermann Goering (second from left) last week was made undisputed economic dictator of Germany. Count Ciano (center) son-in-law to Mussolini, was marked by Il Duce as next dictator of Italy. Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg (right) became "Feuhrer" of Austria



SPAIN: President Manuel Azana by repeating his retreat of two years ago to Barcelona, lets the world know it becomes the capital of loyalist Spain with the fall of Madrid. Azana (left) entering Barcelona during the 1934 Revolt



FRANCE: Jean Iviermoz, who, with Colonel Francois de la Rocque, is charged with continuing the illegal Croix de Feu under the name, Parti Social Francais





Pan American Airways

The flight engineer of the China Clipper keeps watch over the instruments and makes engine adjustments

# China Clipper

**A** COMMERCIAL passenger service now flies the Pacific.

Pan American's China Clippers—a fleet of them—are making scheduled flights over the mightiest of the five oceans. Many years ago, another Clipper made its way across another ocean. But its keel touched water all the way.

Aboard this huge flying boat, a captain and his crew man their posts. The Clipper takes off, soaring out above Golden Gate. At the Alameda, California, base a loudspeaker drones out her radio operator's tale of progress.

"China Clipper landing at Hawaii."

"China Clipper landing at Midway."

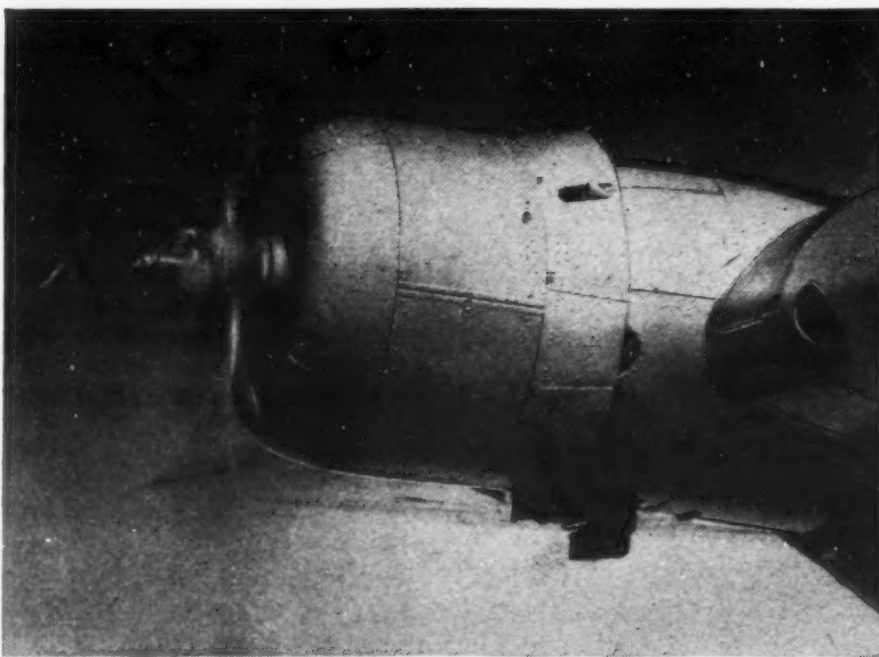
"China Clipper landing at Wake."

"China Clipper landing at Guam."

"China Clipper landing at Manila."

In five days, the China Clipper has covered an 8,200-mile route that takes three weeks by steamship.

The inaugural flight of October 21



Pan American Airways

A giant motor, one of four mounted on the wing, propels the Martin type Clipper

was not an overnight development. Chief of all the factors which lay behind it, however, was the experience of the world's greatest airline.

Over its nearest rivals in total mileage—Air France, Germany's Lufthansa, Britain's Imperial Airways, Holland's K.C.M. and Russia's Aeroflot—Pan American sets the pace. This airline has the largest gross business, the highest percentage of completed schedules, the most effective radio system and the fewest fatal accidents. Pan American had only to transfer its well-tried technique of air commerce over the Caribbean. Flying the Pacific was a foregone success.

For the future, a new era of American trade in the Far East draws glowing financial dreams. This new transportation service has made America the most rapidly accessible market for China and Japan.

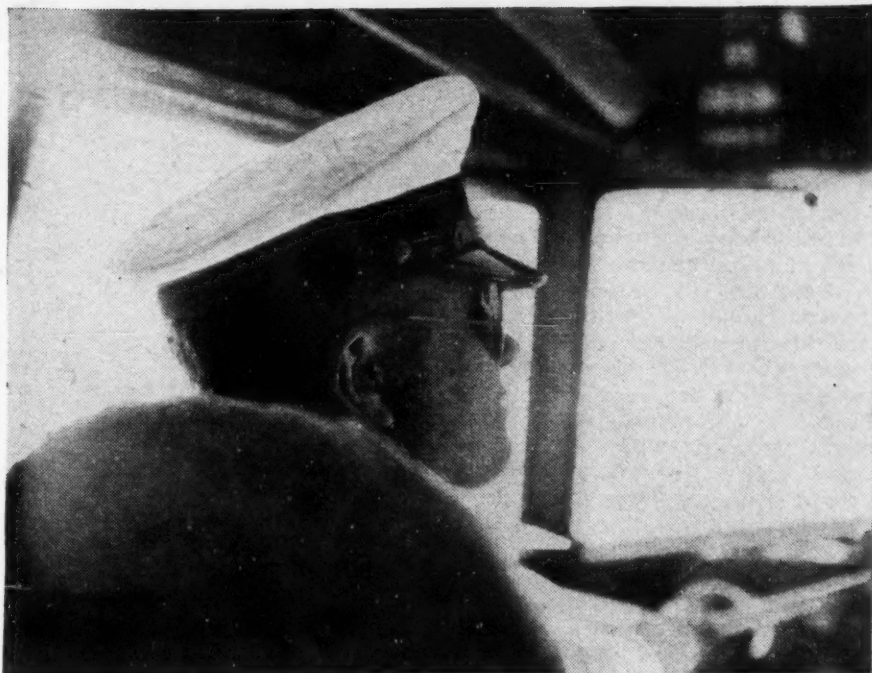


# In Flight



Wide World

The China Clipper starts its long voyage at Alameda airport on San Francisco Bay, carrying mail, almost two tons of cargo, express "pay loads" (passengers), a seven-man crew, and 3,000 gallons of fuel



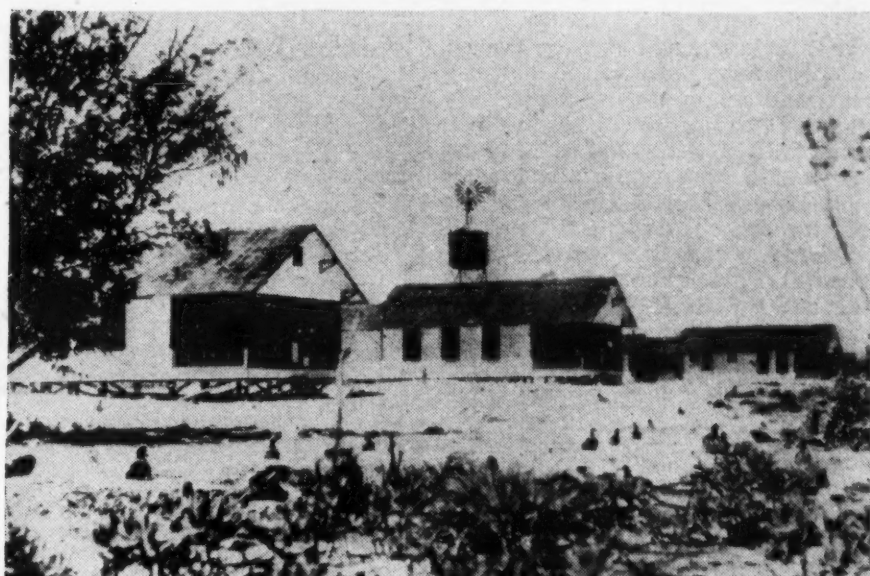
Pan American Airways

On the bridge the captain, or, more usually, one of his two flight officers, handles the controls. Pan American would have a captain rather than a pilot at the helm of a Clipper, and therefore relieves Captain R. O. D. Sullivan (above) of many of his routine duties



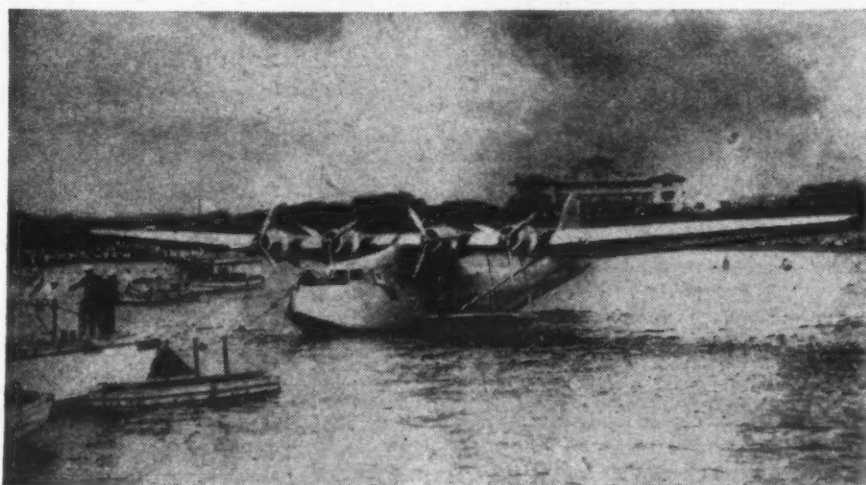
Pan American Airways

The radio officer informs Alameda, Eastern base, and Manila, West-lying objective, of the Clipper's progress. He and his radio make it possible for the Clipper to fly blind over 2,000 miles of ocean, perform intricate maneuvers, and hit a puny island smack on the nose



Wide World

Midway, cropping up out of the ocean 1,400 miles northwest of Hawaii, is a collective name for Sand and Eastern Islands. Here, as at Wake and Guam Islands further to the west, Pan American has added top soil, built an airport, and set up accommodations for passengers and crews of China Clippers



Wide World

The China Clipper reaches its destination—Manila, key city of the Philippines. On reaching this terminus, Pan American draws down its \$2-per-mile mail contract fee from the Government, disgorges its passengers, and immediately prepares for the return trip to Alameda



Pan American Airways

Navigations is the key word in flying the China Clipper. Using radio, the navigator is able to cast up two positions a minute, if needed. Here he is shown "shooting the sun." Each member of the flying crew could, on order from Alameda, immediately switch duties with every other member of the crew



# The Theatre of the Moment

By George Jean Nathan

THAT a sudden and pervasive patriotism, largely of the jingo species, seems to have taken the place of sound deliberative criticism in the American contemplation of the arts is a phenomenon that hasn't escaped the attention of our more cultured bartenders. George M. Cohan's old-time flag waving, for years derided by the very boys who have recently over-night become 24-hour-a-day yodelers of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," was a sissy business compared with the grand chauvinistic hooch dance that they are presently indulging themselves in. The right-about-face is something terrible. American critics who for years were suspected of being German spies, Japanese secret agents and worse have in the twinkling of an eye emerged in red, white and blue underdrawers, with snapshots of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln pressed in their coat pockets over their hearts and with the Declaration of Independence, the Gettysburg Address and the maxims of Warren Gamaliel Harding in the sweatbands of their derbies. In fact, now that Gilbert Seldes has, in his book, "Mainland," assured America that he "is in favor of it," there is nothing more for us to worry about. It was a ticklish moment, but thank God, now that Gilbert has stated his position, all is safe.

These remarks are a preface to and self-protective apology for the Yankee Doodle yodel that an American (hooray, hooray!) has come along with a play that has at least critically redeemed a theatrical season which, up to the moment of his epiphany, threatened to be almost completely British and hence, because of the low estate to which the English stage has fallen, preeminently and magnificently, so far as critical concept went, sour. To behold one of our own boys (hip, hip!) save the critics' day was so heart-warming to the 1936-model patriots that their cardiac expansion busted the very buttons off their vests, at least off the vests of those of them who still haven't been taxed out of the possibility of owning a vest. The American saviour in point is Robert Turney and his play is "Daughters of Atreus," presented by Delos Chappell in the Forty-fourth street theatre.

This "Daughters of Atreus," a re-statement through the eyes of Clytemnestra of the Electra legend, may as a dramatic manuscript not represent the kind of entertainment which galvanizes such persons as find their juiciest theatrical meat in the performances of such strip-teasers as Henri Bernstein and Gypsy Rose Lee, but for the theatre-goer of sufficient education to appreciate one of the great themes of drama retold in fresh, literate and often moving poetic prose it might with proper handling have proved, in



*Hamlet:* Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

*Polonius:* My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

this hour of local dramatic starvation, a toothsome banquet. As a script critic, it still seems to me to be the best first play from an American hand—it is Turney's initial conception—that I have laid an eye on in some time, but as a theatre-goer it seems to me to have been so butchered and botched by poor acting and ignorant direction that the potential banquet has turned out to be a ham sandwich. Ham sandwich is the punctilious description, for if ever a precious and valuable play was more cruelly squashed by ham acting and ham direction I don't recall its name. With the exception of moments in the talented and sensitive Eleanora Mendelssohn's performance, the bulk of the acting amounts to penny caricature and with the exception of no moments the direction of Frederic McConnell is strictly and comprehensively amateur. It is a sad, sad story. A play that has in it a beauty and power to enthrall the stage has been wrecked on the shoals of pitiable theatrical incompetence and boneheadedness.

The Theatre Guild, with its open-

ing play of the season, indicates again that it ought to spend some of its money as quickly as possible in the hiring of an intelligent play-reader. For several years now the Guild has been proving that it has lost any discrimination it once had in distinguishing a good play from a bad one and, as a result, it has lost so much of its old standing that, if it doesn't soon regain its balance, it won't be long before it will be lying flat on the floor. Surely such a script as "And Stars Remain," written by a couple of Hollywood scenario boys named Epstein, is no more appropriate to the Guild stage—or for that matter to the Gustav Blum or the Wee and Leventhal stage—than drama criticism is appropriate to Minsky's.

However, this is probably the way the Guild figured it out. Here, they said to themselves, is something that doesn't cost much to put on and, whatever the critics say about it, we can come out from under on it by virtue of our six weeks prepaid subscription audiences. If it's a little tough on the subscribers, what's that

to Hecuba? They might even conceivably like it, considering a lot of things they've liked in the past. Here, they then argued, is a script kinda Behrmanish and Noel Cowardish [which shows how much they need a play-reader who'd argue differently] and, besides, it's got a leaven of the Communist point of View in it, so we'll catch 'em coming and going. So, they said, we'll get Clifton Webb, who has his clothes made in London, whose pants are lovely and who looks something like Noel, to play the lead—that'll get 'em!—and (shaking one another's hands) we're set!

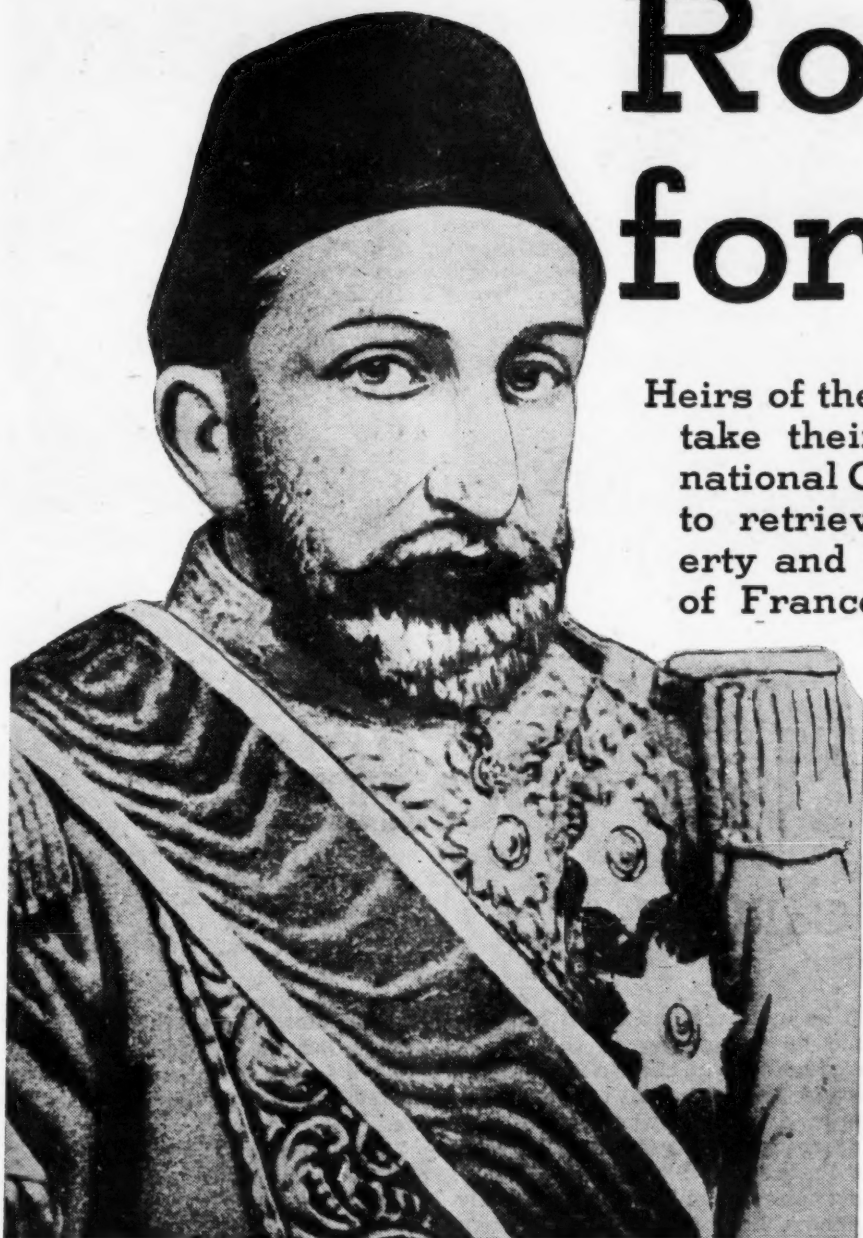
They're set, all right, but on a mouldy egg.

Gordon Daviot's "The Laughing Woman" was (it is doubtless a safe prediction to use the past tense) produced in the Golden and disclosed itself to be another of those patience-tries dealing with the private life of artists, in this case Henri Gaudier, the sculptor, and his somewhat elderly girl-friend, Sophie Brzeska, the hopeful novelist. As with most plays dealing with the personal lives of artists, whether sculptors, novelists, painters, composers, musicians or what not, it was a two hour twilight-sleep presenting its artist characters as a cross between adagio dancers and hinterland stock company D'Annunzio actors. Tonio Selwart, a native of Munich with an accent as thick as Linzensuppe, who was cast in the role of the French Rene Latour (the name by which Gaudier passed in the Daviot script) provided the only entertainment of the evening when, in the last act and with the breaking out of the World War, he declared his decision to fight for his beloved France and thereupon aroused speculations on the part of the audience as to how soon he would be shot as a German spy. Helen Menken as Sophie, save for brief interludes, was so artificial and given to affectation that even Harry Lehr, to say nothing of Gaudier, couldn't have lived with her for ten minutes.

Gilbert Miller provides in the skillful Sherwood English version of Deval's comedy "Tovarich," the tale of a couple of Russian nobles in exile, most engaging light pastime in the minor ranges of drama. As is always the case with Miller productions, the taste is impeccable. One only regrets that it isn't oftener visited upon drama of higher standing. For so theatrically cultured a producer to expend his talents upon polite and inconsequential, if highly amiable, things like this seems a waste that the theatre can ill afford. The company, headed by John Halliday and Marta Abba, an uncommonly impressive Italian actress new to America, is most ably directed and more than up to the demands of the script.

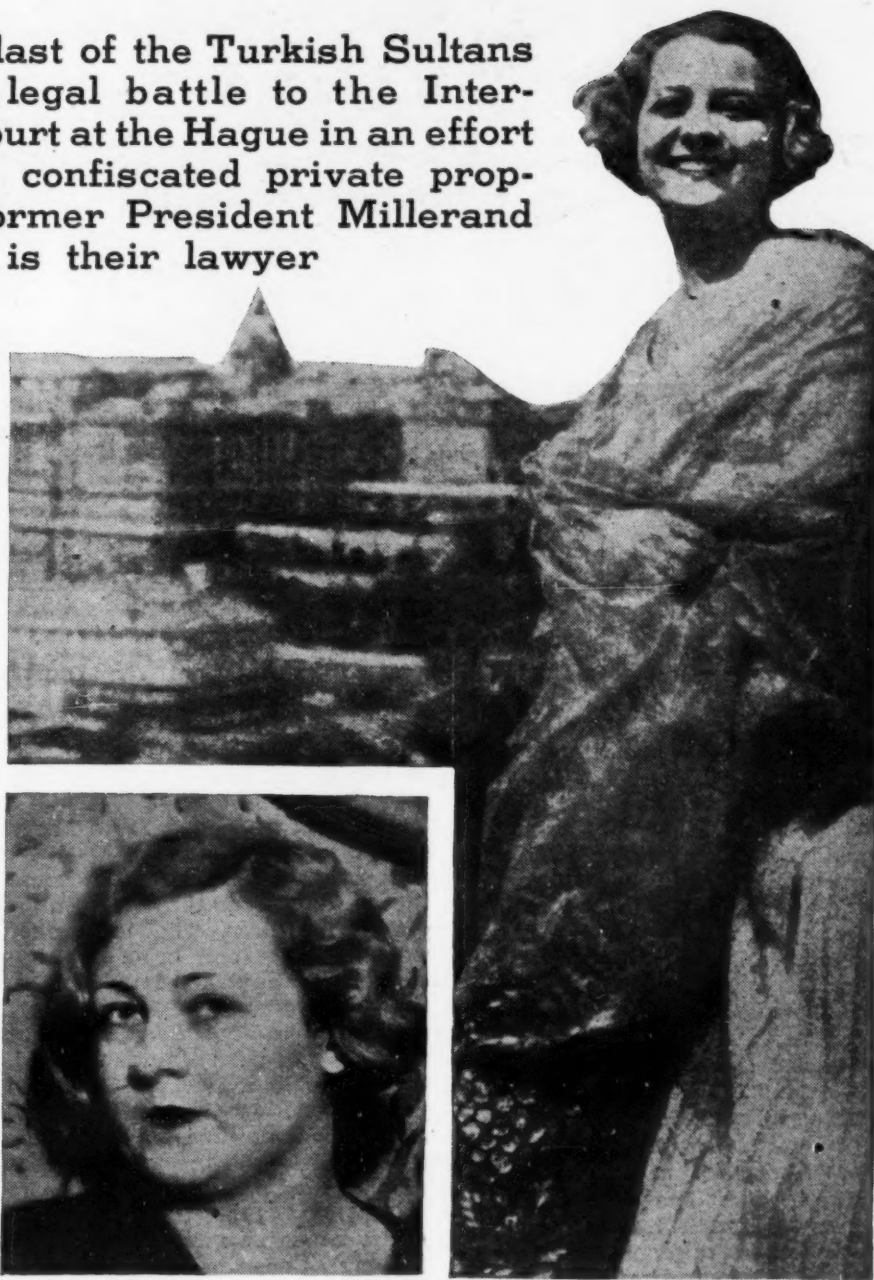


# Royal Fight for a Fortune



Abdul Hamid, Sultan during the war. When his son, Mohammed VI, was deposed in 1922 he is said to have had private possessions estimated at from fifty million to a billion and a half dollars—all taken over by the succeeding government of Kemal Pasha, now Kemal Ataturk

Heirs of the last of the Turkish Sultans take their legal battle to the International Court at the Hague in an effort to retrieve confiscated private property and former President Millerand of France is their lawyer



Princess Meziette, second and present wife of Abdul Kadir—though by French, not Mohammedan, laws

Princess Medjidje, as she appeared in a motion picture made in Budapest. The whole scattered family is impoverished



Abdul Kadir, eldest son of the last Sultan, now pretender of the throne



Princess Medjidje, first wife of Abdul Kadir, mother of his two sons



Princes Erturol and Aladdin, sons of Abdul Kadir, direct heirs of the House of Osman that ruled Turkey for many centuries





The fly was crawling all over his nose, stopping every now and then . . .

# The Fly in the Coffin

By Erskine Caldwell

THERE was poor old Dose Muffin, stretched out on the corner floor, dead as a frost-bit watermelon vine, and a pesky housefly was walking all over his nose. Let old Dose come alive for just one short minute, maybe two while about it, and you could bet your sock-toe dollar that fly wouldn't live to do his ticklish fiddling and stropping on any human's nose again.

"You Woodrow, you!" Aunt Marty said. "Go look in that corner door and take a look if any old flies worrying Dose."

"Uncle Dose don't care now," Woodrow said. "Uncle Dose don't care for nothing no more."

"Dead or alive, Dose cares about flies," Aunt Marty said.

There wasn't enough room in the house to stretch him out in. The house was full of people, and the people wanted room to stand about in. There was that banjo-playing fool in there, Hap Conson, and Hap had to have plenty of room when he was around. There was that jigging high yellow everybody called Goodie, and Goodie took all the room there was when she histed up her dress and started shaking things.

Poor old Dose, dead a day and a night, couldn't say a word. The fly was crawling all over his nose, stopping every now and then to strop his wings and fiddle his legs. Only a day and a night before Dose had chased a fly right through the buzz-saw at the lumber mill. That cut Dose just about half in two, and he died mad about the fly's getting away alive. It wouldn't make any difference to Dose though, if he could wake up for a minute, maybe two while he was about it. Then he would swat that fly on his nose so hard there wouldn't be a fly-speck left.

"You Woodrow, you!" Aunt Marty said. "Go like I told you and see if any old flies worrying Dose."

"You wouldn't catch me swatting no flies on no dead man," Woodrow said.

"Don't swat them," Aunt Marty said. "Just shoo them."

Back the other side of the house they were trying to throw a coffin together for Dose. The undertaker wouldn't come and bring one, because he wanted sixty dollars, twenty-five down. Nobody had sixty dollars, twenty-five down. Soon as they got the coffin thrown together, they'd bury him, providing Dose's old jumper was dry by then. It was swinging on the line, waving in the breeze, when the breeze came that way.

Old Dose Muffin, lying tickle-nosed in the corner, was dead and wanted burying as soon as those lazy saw-mill hands got the grave dug deep enough. He could have been put in a lot sooner if that jabbering preacher and black boy would lay aside their jawboning long enough to finish the coffin they were throwing together. Nobody was in a hurry like he was.

Marty hadn't started washing out his jumper till noon, and if he had had his way, she would have started at sunrise that morning. That banjo-playing fool in the house there, Hap Conson, had got everybody's mind off the burial, and nobody had time to come out to the crib and swat that pesky fly on Uncle Dose's nose and say how-do. That skirt-histing high yellow, Goodie, was going to shake the house down, if she didn't shake off her behind first, and there wasn't a soul in the world cared enough to stop ogling Goodie long enough to come out to the crib to see if any flies needed chasing away.

Poor old Dose had given up the best

job he had ever had in his life, the time he was porter in the white-folks' hotel, to go chase a fly to death because the fly had lit on his barbecue-sandwich just when he was getting ready to bite into it. Dose said he chased that fly eight days, stopping only at night, and the fly wouldn't have stopped long enough then to let Dose swat him if it hadn't been starved dizzy.

"You Woodrow, you!" Aunt Marty said. "How many times does it take to tell you to go see if any old flies worrying Dose?"

"I'd be scared to death to go moseying around a dead man," Woodrow said. "Uncle Dose can't see no flies, noway."

"Dose don't have to be up and alive to know about flies," she said. "Dose sees flies he dead or alive."

The jumper was dry, the coffin was thrown together, and the grave was six feet deep. They put the jumper on Dose, stretched him out in the box, and lowered him into the hole in the ground. The preacher started praying, picking out the pine splinters he had jabbed into his fingers. That banjo-playing Hap Conson squatted on the ground, picking at that thing as if it had been red-hot coals in a tin pan. Then along came Goodie misbehaving, shaking everything that wouldn't be still every time she saw pants at a banjo-plucking.

They slammed the lid on Dose, and drove it down with a couple of rusty twenty-penny nails. They shoveled in a few spades of gravel and sand.

Somebody down in the hole shouted. Marty wasn't scared enough to run, or too scared. She stayed right where she was and squinted over the edge into the hole.

"What's the matter?" Marty asked, craning her neck to see down into the bottom of the grave.

The lid flew off, the gravel and sand pelting her on the face, and Dose jumped to his feet, madder than he had ever been when he was living his life.

"I could wring your neck, woman!" old Dose shouted at her.

"What don't please you, Dose?" Marty said. "Did I get too much starch in the jumper?"

"Woman," Dose said, shaking his fist at her, "you've been neglecting your duty something bad. You're stowing me away in this here ground with a pesky fly inside this here coffin with me. Now, you get a hump on yourself and bring me a fly-swatter. If you think you can nail me up in a box with a fly, you've got another think coming."

Marty got the swatter, and handed it down to Dose. Dose stretched out in the splintery pine box, and pulled the lid shut.

There wasn't a sound made anywhere. The shovelers didn't toss a single clod, that Hap didn't pick a single note, that Goodie didn't shake a single thing.

Pretty soon they could hear a stirring around down in the box.

"Swish!" the fly-swatter sounded. "Swat!"

"Dose got him," Marty said, straightening up. "Now, shovel, boys, shovel!"

The dirt and sand and gravel flew in, and the grave filled up. The preacher got his praying done, and most of the splinters out; that banjo-playing fool, Hap Conson, and that behind-shaking high yellow, Goodie, were just getting started good. Maybe by morning they would be in their stride. Wouldn't be too sure about it though, because the longer it took to get the pitch up, the longer would it last.



# Illinois Triangle

The case of the embalmer who said his wife had been killed by hold-up men on a lonely road, but who has now been brought to trial on a charge of murdering her himself so that he could marry a red-haired young widow from a neighboring town.



Mrs. Bessie Tallmadge, aged 53, who was slain by someone's pistol bullet while out driving with her husband on the night of May 19th, near their home at Oregon, Ill. Her husband, Guy Tallmadge, 58-year-old undertaker's assistant, is shown below as seen at his trial in connection with her death. He declares the bullet was fired by a highwayman at a desolate crossroads



Mrs. Frances Birch, 30-year-old widow of nearby Rockford. Tallmadge is alleged to have confessed that he slew his wife in order to marry this younger woman. His lawyers later insisted that the reported confession was false and was drawn from him by the trick of subjecting him to a "lie-detector." A desperate legal battle centers around the admission of the alleged confession as evidence at the trial



TALLMADGE FINDS THE TESTIMONY . . .

. . . interesting . . .

. . . interminable . . .

. . . depressing . . .

. . . distressing . . .



**OF 1,000 CHILDREN IN THE FIFTH GRADE, MORE AND MORE ARE EARNING HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMAS.**



U. S. Camera—Harris W. Nowell

**139**

**245**

**310**

**460**

## Rush to the High School

**Y**OUNG America is scoring an all-time high in school attendance these days.

More than ever before, students are staying in school from the fifth grade through to high school graduation.

Twenty or twenty-five years ago, most boys were attending classes only until they were old enough to work. Girls, although more attained high school graduation, were not particularly inclined to look upon high school education as something eminently worth while.

Now the picture is changed. During the past twenty-five years, the survival rate from the fifth grade through to high school graduation has been multiplied four times. Within a period of thirty years, high school enrollment has increased from a little over 10% of the population of high school age to more than 60%. Since 1926 alone, New

York City's high school attendance has increased 92% to a total 1936 enrollment of 1,134,000 pupils. Huge increases are the rule everywhere.

Certain factors—the depression, the normal population increase, changed qualifications for employment—were impelling causes which sent more children into the high schools. Of greater immediate importance is the fact that great numbers of them are clamoring at the gates, ready and willing and anxious to be educated.

The situation demanded accommodation.

One way was to construct facilities at a rate parallel to that of the increasing enrollments, ensuring at least the standard of high school education which had gone before.

The other was to lower the standard of high school studies to meet the changes incurred by enlarged enrollments, huge classes and the

naturally increased percentage of dullards.

American education chose the latter course. Whether it could do otherwise or not, it slurred over the situation.

Today high school education is a spectacle. Most metropolitan secondary schools hold two sessions a day. Classes are so large that personal attention and individual training are out of the question. And "waiting lists" of teachers trying to get jobs are so long that only a Ph.D. can qualify for the upper quarter of preference.

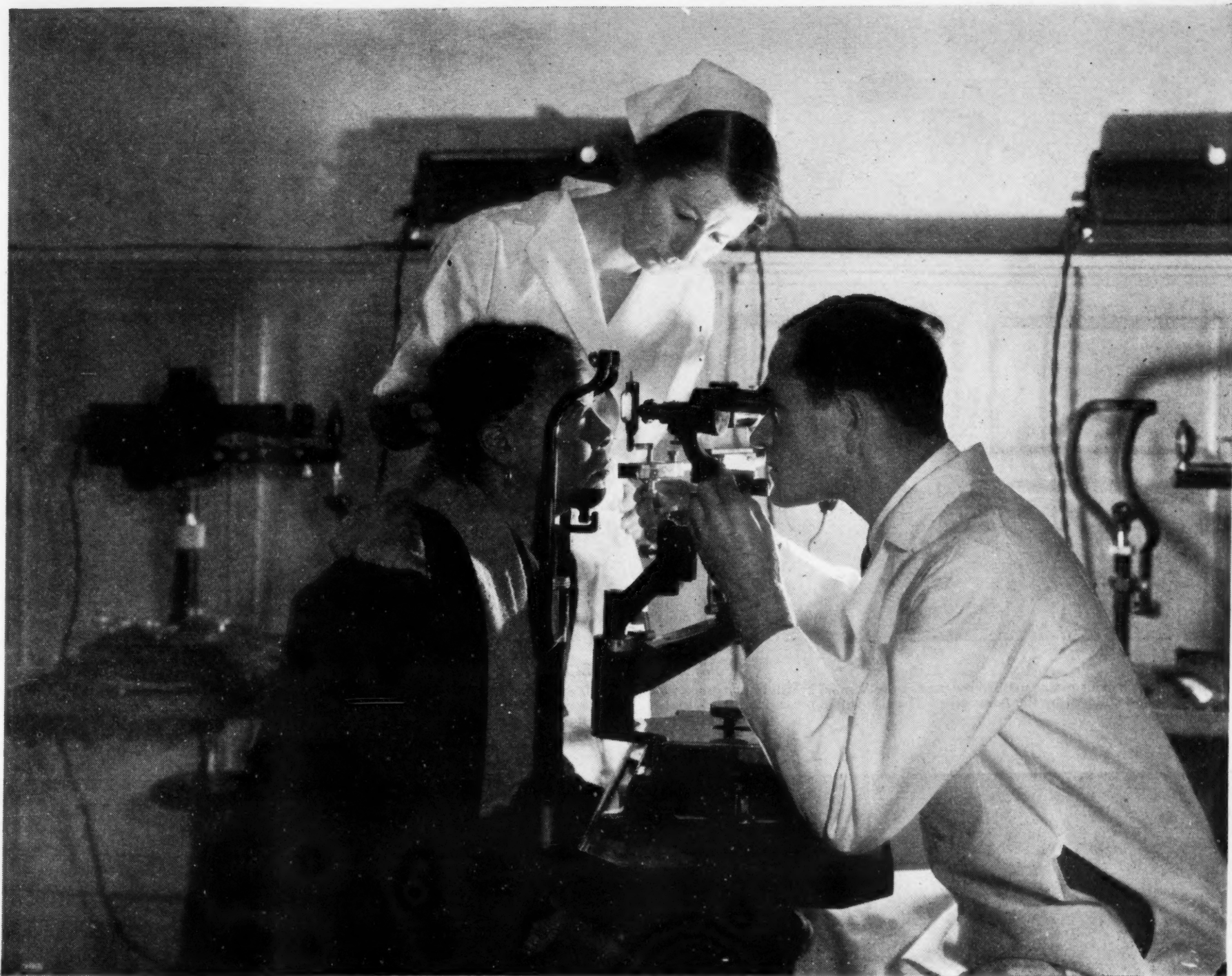
Education of the genuinely qualified student in the public high school has been seriously injured, because the presence of increased numbers of "misfits" weights down the progress in the classroom. Seeing no immediate remedy for overcrowding, certain leaders in education are asking for separate educa-

tional facilities for those of greater abilities.

Such a move, being essentially undemocratic, would undoubtedly cause a great furor among taxpayers, and a great amount of agony for students left behind.

The one solution, as always, is that which requires money. In this case, it's the building of more and bigger high schools. A building program for the high schools, if carried out, would mean readjustment of the whole situation to meet the greater demand—more positions to be filled by able and heretofore unemployed teachers, greater attention to the needs of the individual students, better chances for advancement of the more promising pupils. Taxpayers would lose by this step, of course: state or federal direct taxes would be heavier, but taxpayers' children would stand a better chance.





At the Eye Clinic maintained by Lighthouse No. 1 of the New York Association for the Blind

(Photo by Byron)

## Eyeless in Gotham: How the Blind Live

*"But, chief of all,  
O loss of sight, of Thee I most complain!  
I, dark in light, exposed  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,*

*Within doors or without, still as a fool,  
In power of others, never in my own—  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half."  
—The blind Samson of Milton.*

**H**ERE are men who have learned to read through their fingers. Here are workers in a machine shop who can make brooms, dusters, floor-mops and run a punch press or a lathe or a revolving drill with sightless eyes. Here are women who can sew without seeing their stitches and throw a shuttle without seeing the loom. Here are stenographers who can take dictation on a typewriting machine with six keys with the equal rapidity of a girl at the desk of a busy lawyer's office. Here is a printer who has learned, sightlessly, to set Braille and print a magazine, feeding and handling a power

press all alone. Here are basket-weavers, tutors, masseurs, chiropractors, actors, musicians, machinists, all blind, all skilled. Does the world want them? Does the world outside that bright, noise-filled seeing world of factories and shops, want to help the blind? On New York's West 59th Street is a gray, modest building called the Lighthouse, home of the New York Association for the Blind. 4000 sightless people attend this institution. They learn to read, to write, to play, to work. They dance, they swim, they bowl. They are the blind, but they do not want pity. Only understanding.





(Byron)

#### THE NURSERY SCHOOL

Lunch-hour means mashed potatoes, carrots, milk, bread. Hands grope for spoons. Playhour means toys, sunlight on the roof which is kept as playground for the blind children by the Association. The school is a pre-kindergarten one; the ages range from two to six. Taken from home these sightless kids are trained to move and live in a world of unending darkness



(Byron)

Reading Braille, the written language of the blind. Braille is a language of raised dots, the dots corresponding to the alphabet. Words are contracted in a kind of silent Morse code



(Byron)

In the Reading Room. The blind weary of the difficult and exhausting task of reading a book in Braille. The sighted teachers relay the news into a newsless world



(Byron)

A Card Party. Ordinary playing cards are used. But Braille is stamped into the corners. Each year the Lighthouse holds an institute card party. Some of the blind are skilled players



(Byron)

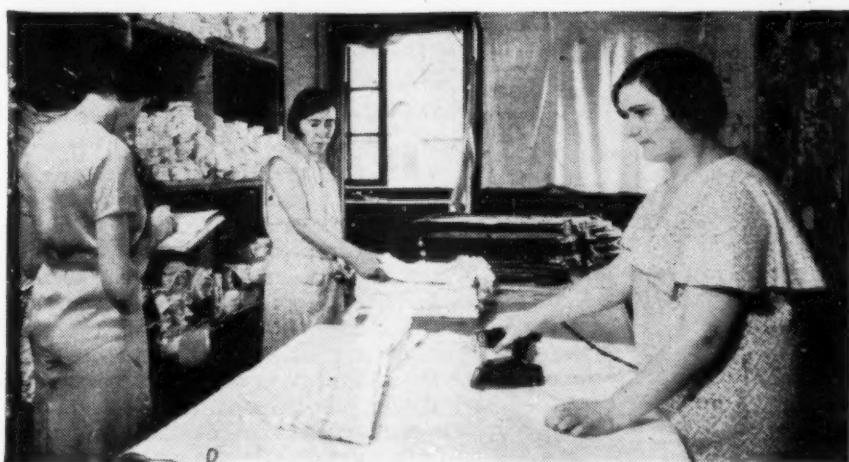
Music Lesson. The sheet-music is printed in Braille and memorized. The notation is unlike ordinary music. This art is most loved by the blind





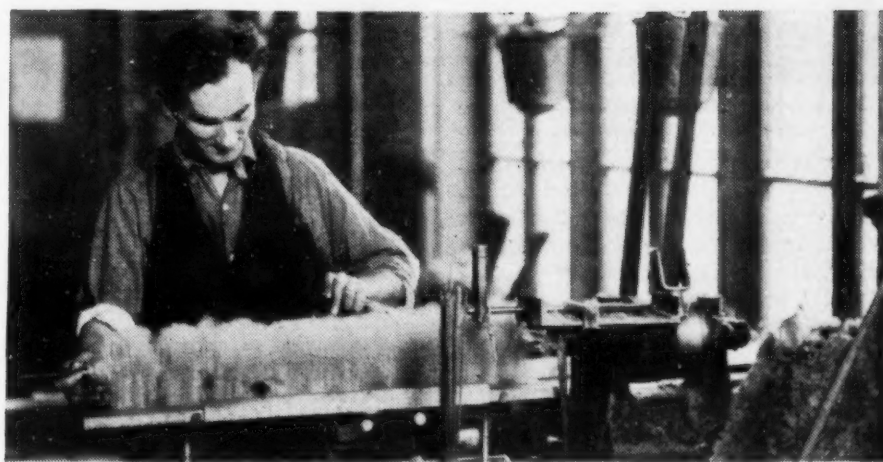
(Byron)

A blind drill-worker. The sightless do not want sympathy. They want work. This blind worker has learned to operate a revolving drill. Accidents are rare among blind mechanics. Precision marks their movements at machine



(Byron)

Laundrying. The Rex Cole Company once hired a blind man from the Lighthouse to demonstrate a new electric flat-iron. Flat-iron and demonstrator were both models of efficiency



(Byron)

The Bourne Workshop. The men earn eight to fifteen dollars a week. All that marks this shop apart from a factory for the sighted are overhead wires along which the blind workmen tap their way moving from machine to rest-room



(Byron)

A blind girl making a warp for blind weavers



(Byron)

Making floor-mops, and dusters. The Lighthouse operates a workshop on 35th St.





Brightly colored mats and scarves are woven on these Lighthouse looms

**T**oday there are four thousand blind people in the United States. In the majority of cases the work which is most easily obtainable are cigar, cigarettes, and candy concessions. The Randolph-Shepherd bill recently passed through Congress, will open all Federal buildings in the country to work for the blind. Commissions for the Blind established through various cities and states will have the power to grant concession licenses. Fifty percent of the licenses granted must be accorded to blind folk. Depression and mass production techniques in the factories have cut

The handicraft work is sold at exhibits to a faithful clientele

down the number of blind unemployed in industry. The prejudices of the sighted range from complaints about compensation rates, and the lowering of production levels, to the bad effect blind employees have upon the morale of a department. However, the work being conducted by the Association in New York has done much to dispel these misunderstandings. At present, the Placement Bureau is contemplating having motion pictures made of the operations of the machine shop the Lighthouse maintains to demonstrate before employers how efficiently the blind perform manual tasks.



Blind bowling . . .

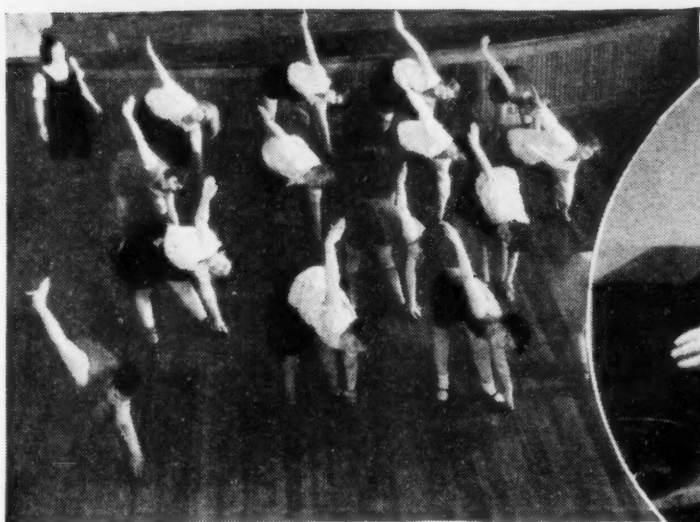


Social dancing at a get-together . . .



Swimming in the big tank . . .





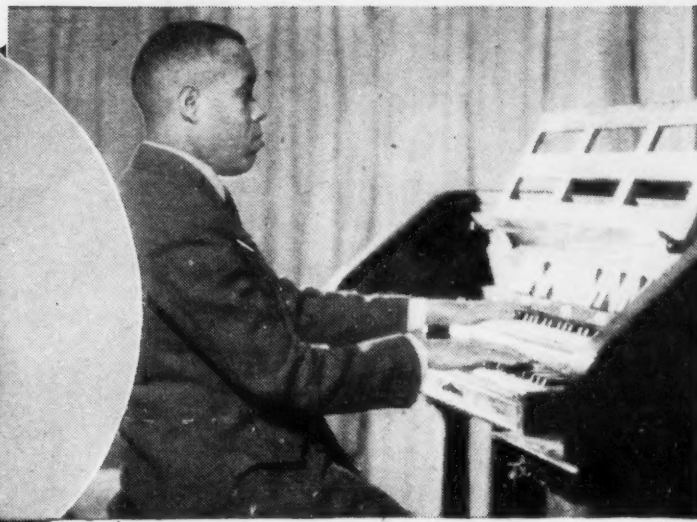
(Byron)

A dance class—Wigman, rhythmic, tap and ballroom dancing are taught



(Byron)

A little blind girl . . .



(Byron)

. . . And a blind organist

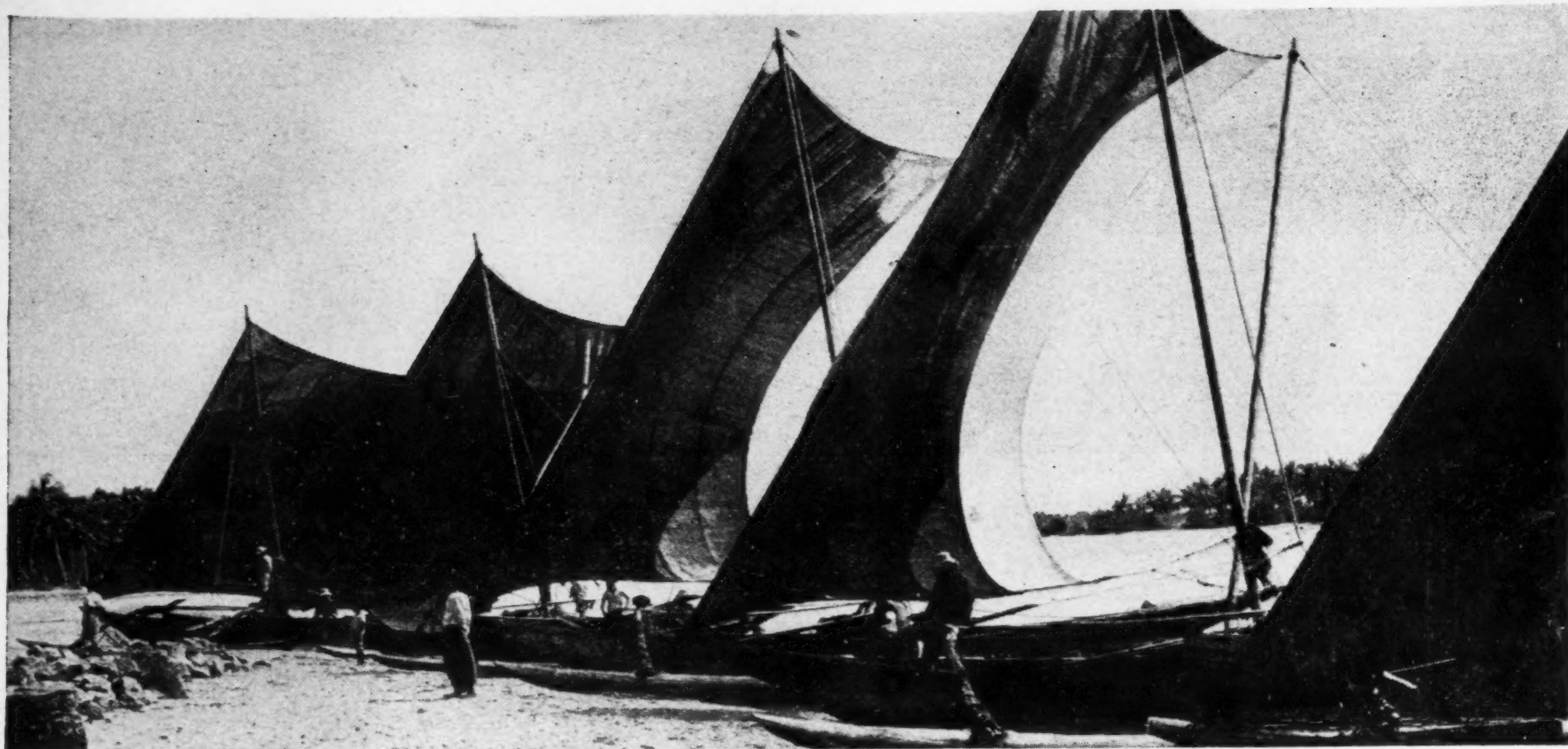


(Byron)

#### THEATRE

A Costume play given by the Lighthouse players. The cast is blind. Scripts are read in Braille. Rubber strips along the stage floor aid the players in moving among the props and furniture





Lined up on the beach after their day's work, outrigger canoes at Negomba, Ceylon. The peculiar rig is ideally suited to local conditions

# I Can Shut My Eyes . . . .

By William Albert Robinson

WHILE on the way to my rendezvous in the Indian Ocean I am looking over the pictures of that first voyage five years ago when I was there in the Svaap. It was early in 1931 and the last of the northeast monsoon season was ideal, with fine weather and steady sailing winds.

From the crowded landlocked harbor of Penang we sailed to Sabang on the northern tip of Sumatra, then on over a thousand miles of ocean to Ceylon. Thirteen hundred nautical miles in nine days: one of our record passages for the whole circumnavigation. I can still shut my eyes and recapture the thrill of those days, with the seas piling high on our quarter, flinging us along on our course. Our sun-bleached sails lay always taut before the pressure of the monsoon. Nights when the feeling of swiftness was intensified by the blazing phosphorescence that streaked past the hull, I would turn in at seven in the evening for my six-hour watch below. From my berth I could see Etera, my Tahitian, a black shadow leaning against the wheel, singing ancient Polynesian songs timed to the roll of the boat. Sometimes an ominous black squall would come in the night to disturb our peaceful rhythm—but soon it would be over, after an interlude of hasty sail-lowering and wind-driven rain. Then we would resume the peace of the night.

Then landfall, after a first breath of perfume in the wind that slanted down from the distant, still unseen mountains.

We cruised leisurely around Ceylon, soaking up the beauty of that towering tropical island, stopping for a while when the lure was too great. . . . Kolachel, Cochin, Mangalore—

small ports along a beautiful coast. Maharajas. The great range of the Ghats. Surf-bound ports where we were jerked ashore by a long-armed crane which would reach beyond the breakers . . . Then out through the Maldives, and the Laccadives, on the sea road to Arabia. The disappointments and setbacks that loomed so big at the time have vanished now, and the things I remember are rosy hued, which always seems to be the way. But it is the sea life of the Indian Ocean people that I remember best, and it is constant thinking

of them which brings me back again.

There will be two or three weeks before I reach my destination and can start to send back the first chapters of our adventures with the new boat. It might be interesting to introduce during these weeks some of the people we shall be meeting later. On these pages are pictures I took of one of the most picturesque occupations you will find anywhere: deep sea offshore fishing in outrigger canoes. The village of Negombo lies only an hour or so from Colombo, the main port of Ceylon. Long before

dawn there is activity on the beach at Negombo. A fleet of long, slender outrigger canoes is being dragged into the black water. A few lanterns and torches throw queer reflections and shadows. The stars shine brightly overhead. One by one the strange rectangular sails fill before the gentle night wind off the land and they glide silently out into the night. When daylight comes the beach is deserted and the sea is empty as far as one can see, unbroken but for the line of the surf on the reef.

But late in the afternoon, when the sea breeze is blowing fresh from the opposite direction, first one sail, then another, and another will appear on the horizon, until there are so many you can't count them. They are red and brown, dark against the white clouds, bellying and straining before the wind. When they are close you will see that they are racing, some of them neck and neck, to be first ashore. Full speed they come, until they drive head on up the beach, side by side in a lengthening row until the horizon is empty and the beach full.

The arrival of the boats brings on a wild stampede of bargaining for the fish, with all the village people crowding to buy the choicest. Day after day, all through the season, the little boats sail back and forth, far out to sea before the morning land breeze, to return with the afternoon sea breeze: a beautifully efficient arrangement of nature exploited to perfection by a tribe of fine sailors.

Next week there will be pictures of the beautiful sailing lighters of Mangalore, on the Malabar coast of India, where the same dependable natural forces are put to work.



Fishing people of Negombo. The big dugout canoes are built up from the original log with rough planks laced to the hull by coconut ber cord. The outriggers are on one side only, like the present day polynesian canoes



**"All Roads Lead To War"** says C. Hartley Grattan in his new book, "Preface to Chaos"  
 "The forces making for war today are stronger than the forces making for peace."



A submarine sank the Lusitania, but submarine destroyers made Americans rich. When German submarines bottled Allied shipping, America was given opportunity to advance her international shipping status from an obscure 2 per cent to leadership of world merchant marines

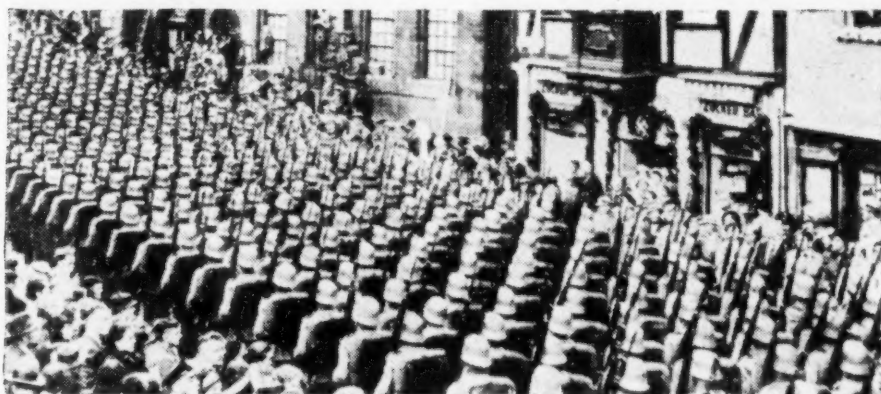
Wide World

Every dollar's worth of business, says C. Hartley Grattan in his important new "Preface to Chaos" (Dodge Publishing Company, October 26, \$3.00) implies war, when production is for profit, not for use. Private property, invested in private business, does not distribute wealth, but on the contrary, wealth falls ever into fewer hands. Sharpening competition results in production cost cuts, which means wage cuts, labor-saving devices. Unemployment does not essentially diminish, and the population on the breadlines has limited purchasing power, accordingly business seeks foreign markets. The general imminence of war is most apparent in the flagrant self-aggrandizement of Japan in China, of Italy in Ethiopia.



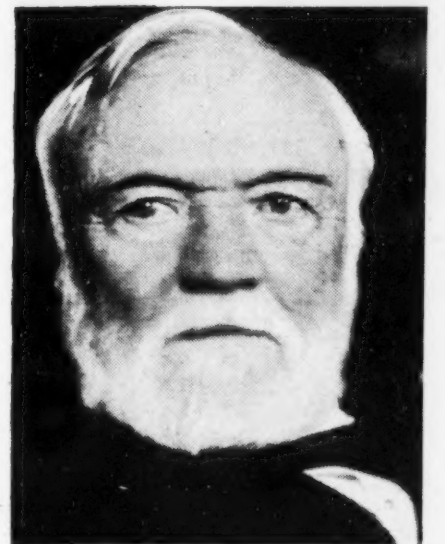
Wide World

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, most militant peace mobilizer, addresses an anti-Nazi group on the advantages of pacifism "There is in pacifism a whistling quality which comes into greatest prominence . . . in the twilight that precedes war"



Wide World

Unemployed masses look badly in breadlines, on park benches, in flophouses. They look well in parades, in firing-lines, in uniform. Also they get paid, in Germany and Italy, for the privilege of being taken off the streets . . . But men must march somewhere . . . The song they are taught to sing is militant; the unemployment problem is not solved by these measures, but it is tied in even more closely with the problem of war



Wide World

"Andrew Carnegie and Alfred Nobel were . . . 'split personalities' . . . in their capacity as philanthropists they were expressing their idealistic morality . . . while in acquiring wealth they followed a social morality in many instances destructive of social health and welfare"



Wide World

"In 1914 we were all out to get business," said Thomas W. Lamont of his partners at J. P. Morgan & Company, to the Munitions Investigating Committee at Washington last winter. Grattan adds "Otherwise they would have been damned poor businessmen." Businessmen in 1914 made alliances that necessitated our war entry. Billions of profits proved their commercial judgment. But the billions of dead? Good business will again make necessary the Second World War



International

Unrest is everywhere. "After the next war: Revolutions?" After the First World War, mutiny and labor revolts of varying importance broke out among the troops and workers of *all* nations. After a second world war, soldiers and workers will be more bitter, more savage . . . and probably wiser



# The Sainted.... The Beautiful. The Damned...



Globe

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country," said Nathan Hale. This statement, made while standing on the British gallows with his head ready to snap, has been allegorized to the American schoolboy



Justice in a corrupt court sent Colonel Alfred Dreyfuss to Devil's Island on a trumped-up charge of espionage. The case caused international vibrations, and with further investigations running into years, while the innocent man rotted away, he was reinstated to his rank



International

Lieutenant General Alfred Dreyfuss shortly before his death, with years of his life killed, an honored citizen of the Republic



Sympathy may have been Nurse Edith Cavell's motive for risking her life to help 200 Allied soldiers across the border into safety. She was not a spy, but was shot to death by a German firing squad



Charming the males in the know was Mata Hari's job, but even her greatest physical quality, facing a French firing squad in the nude, could not stop the command, "Fire!"

TODAY countries are still spy-scared. The Intelligence Departments work overtime during peace. Fortifications, new guns, designs for submarines, models for modern pursuit planes, ammunition plants, are guarded by the Army and Navy. Recently two Japanese were arrested in Delaware. Were their cameras simply to photograph the landscape or the Du Pont plants? On the West Coast, for years every Chinese laundryman was suspected of being an international spy. The Department operatives reported that cameras and vital military information were concealed in Chinatown. Perhaps among the flat-irons and laundry tickets? Europe, too, guards its military secrets. The line of sunken steel forts along the western frontiers of France was a secret of the French intelligence plans for defense in future wars. In Germany, rumors leak out of the construction of an enormous air-city housing thousands of bombing and pursuit planes. With a world arming at feverish speed for what looks like an inevitable conflict of restless imperial ambitions the significance of the spy becomes more and more pronounced. Shrewd, cultured, with only a number and numerous aliases to identify him, the spy lives to face a firing squad if caught; but is doomed to remain always a secret till death. He is the eyes of the Army; the ears of the Navy; the courier of the general staffs who now in their secrecy prepare the battle-plans of the great destruction that hovers over the world.



John S. Tarnsworth, former lieutenant commander in the U. S. Navy, awaits trial on two espionage charges



Shrewd, cultured, the international spy lives to face a firing squad if caught . . . Free, he can never return to civil life . . . He must remain always a secret doomed mysterious alias to his death . . .



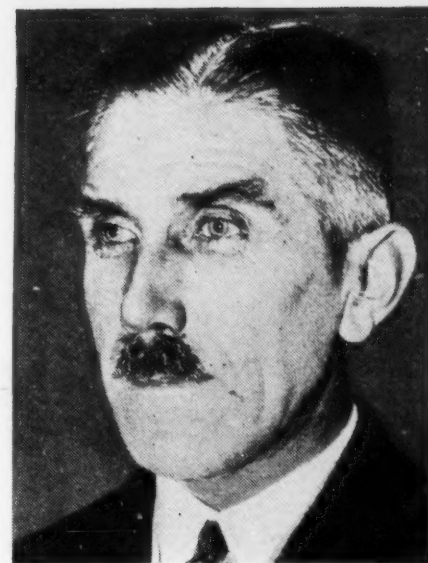
Wide World

On the inside of things as a major, Spy Varzaru was apprehended selling secrets to the Soviet military forces. Penalty: exile



International

Cameras can sometimes doom a man. Nobuzana Tsmura and Toniye Yanari of Japan, seized by the U. S. on suspicion of photographing an army arsenal



Spy Von Sosnovski went scot-free to his native Poland after being convicted of collecting and selling Nazi secrets. But accomplices Von Bergen and Von Natzmer, baronesses, were beheaded

Franz Von Papen, now Nazi ambassador to Austria, was suspected of spying on and photographing U. S. military developments in 1925 . . . he was recalled to Germany by request of the U. S. Government



Spy Norman Baillie-Stewart walking the grounds of London tower with a guard. Son of a noble line of highlanders, he is doing a five-year stretch for espionage



# What's in a Face?



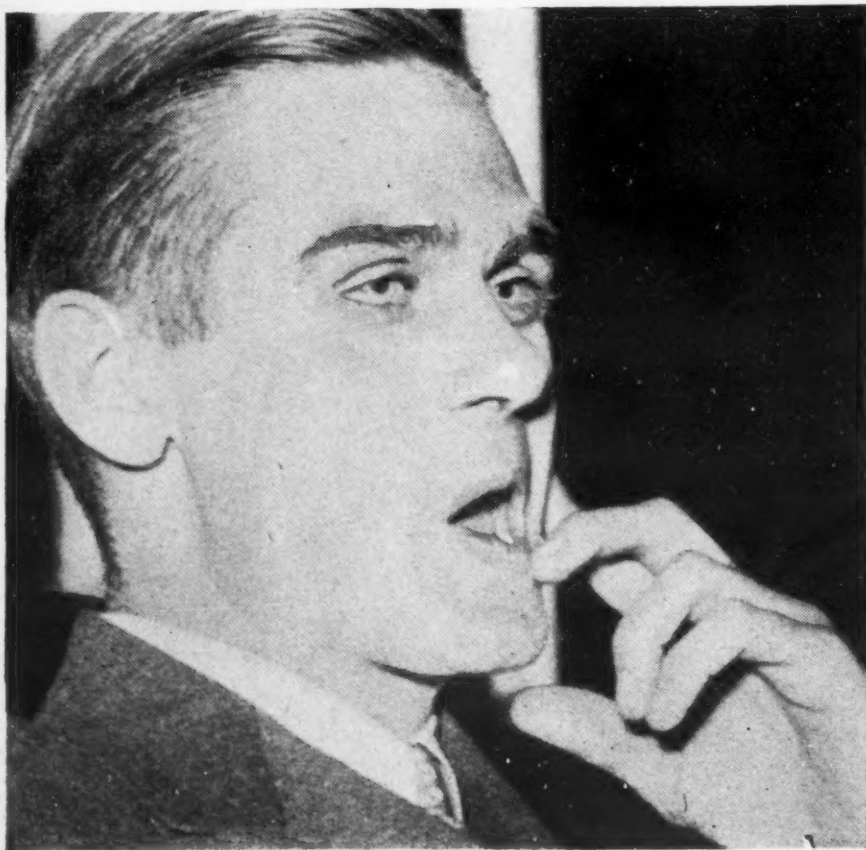
International

Was Demetrius Cirkot surprised some when he was picked up by detectives while applying for a soldier's bonus! Sought for eight years on a \$12,000 embezzlement charge, he is shown in jail, still wondering why his faked death from an ocean liner was not fool-proof



International

Not a shy infant is James Konvalin, but a remorseful hit and run driver learning he had killed a man



International

Sentenced to be hanged till dead, does not seem to phase Albert Walter, Jr., alleged confessed strangler of pretty Blanche Cousins



International

"Don't cry, mom!" said recovered Billy McGowan to his happy mother after he had hovered between life and death for hours following a drowning



You feel plenty, in a situation where your nerves are suddenly tensed in pain, relaxed in relief, torn in surprise; and your face reflects those feelings. The candid camera can hold your expression long after your face has forgotten it



Rita Mastenbroek of Holland receives happy congratulations from her mother after winning and lowering the record in the final 100 meter Olympic freestyle race for women



B-r-r-r, the water's cold. Or maybe the bather has just seen a shark. Or maybe he is high-jumping to coolness. A guess here is as good as a fact



He squints down the castor oil in his glass . . . he hesitates long before the cocktail before courage comes . . . then with knotted throat muscles he gulps . . . Ugh!

November 4, 1936



# A New Start In Life for \$71 and Will to Work

Since 1930 two million city dwellers have sought opportunity and security on the land....



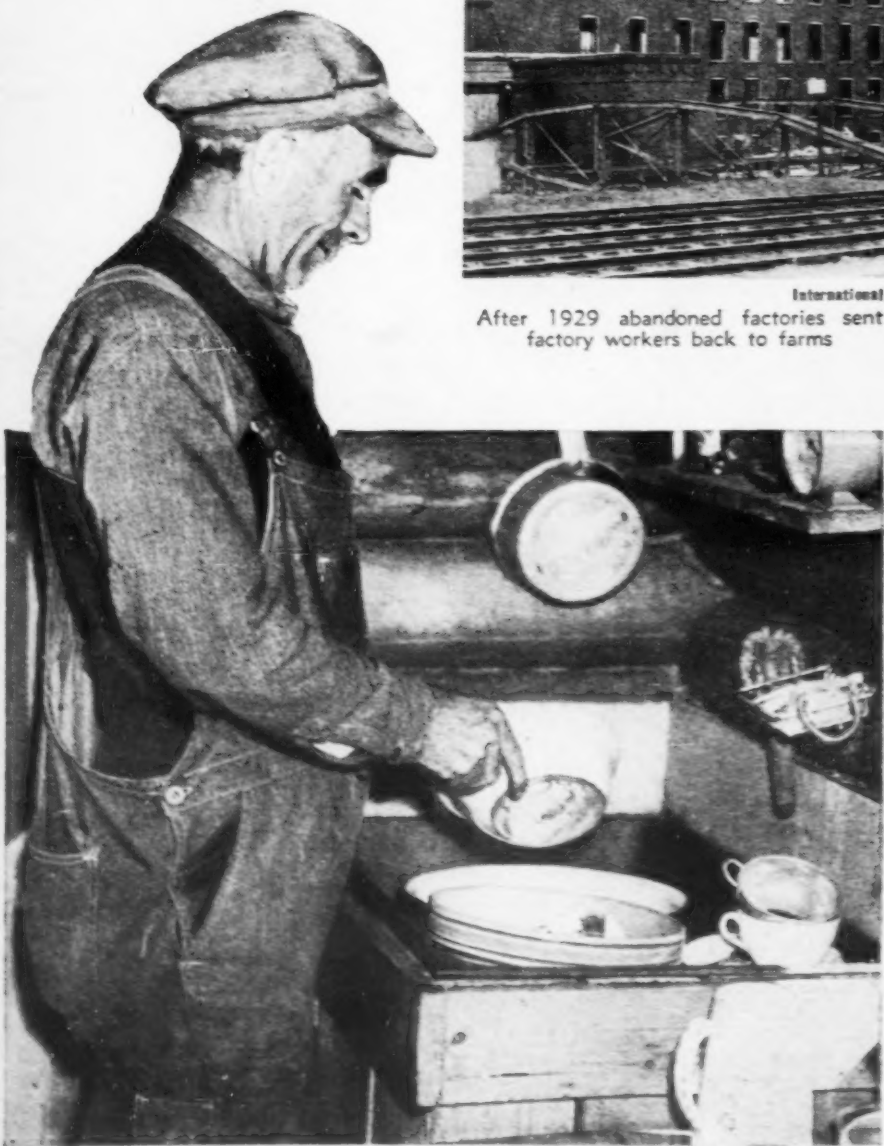
Charles Krutch

Before 1929 farms like this sent farmers into factories



International

After 1929 abandoned factories sent factory workers back to farms



Wide World

Edwin Johnson, bachelor, ex-navy man, bought land and built a cabin at a total cost of \$71 and will start cultivation. He's just one person out of two million

AT THE turn of the century the "city slicker" was no joke and the protection of "Little Nell" was a national need. With each revolution of the wheels of industry from about 1890 to 1929, great masses of farmers' sons and daughters were whirled into wicked cities. To them and their children urbanity has proved Mephistophelian in more ways than one. And, incidentally, to those who have clung to the farm, rural life has not proved so angelic either.

Many American families went something like this: the grandfather



International

One of the families en route to the Matanuska Valley in Alaska. Some of these families were from submarginal farms, some from submarginal factory jobs



escaped from a European city to an American farm, his son escaped from the farm to the city, and now the cycle is completed with the grandson's escaping from the city back to the farm.

Because of various factors, America never has known a well balanced equilibrium between urban and rural populations. Not being a static nation, it hardly could. Ruthless laws of economics have tossed a helpless people from land to factory and back again.

In the beginning of this round trip, men trudged westward to gain free farms. Many of these men were not farmers, but emigrants from the cities of Europe. No sooner was the land planted with these people when the machine came to disturb them.

America called for men and women to build its industrial structure and, like the Japanese farm girls of today, the children of American farmers were enticed by the promise of city gold in lump sums ranging from two to five dollars a week. And if they were not enticed, they were forced away from the farm. For the machine had come not only to the city but to the farm as well.

By 1910 urban dwellers in the United States had increased to 42,166,120, but still 49,806,146 remained on the farms. Ours was primarily an agricultural country and the farmer, in democratic theory at least, was the dominant economic and political factor. But there was no stopping the trend toward the rise of the cities and the war gave it speed. Munitions and shop workers were shouted for at ten dollars a day and the cry was answered. By 1920, the scales had changed to where cities were dominant with 54,304,000 dwellers against a rural population of 51,406,000. This was not only due to the flow from the farm to the city, but due to the fact that later emigrants to America came not to work the soil but to work in the mills.

With the after-war prosperity the cities swelled. By 1930 the number of urbanites had increased to 68,954,823 as against only 58,820,223 farmers. Then came the depression and a definite halt in the trend.

\* \* \*

Today the children of those who once migrated from the country to the city are retreating to the soil. Since 1930 more than two million persons have gone back to the land. That makes a difference of four million in the census calculation.

The government reports that half a million additional farms have come into operation since 1930 and that these farms average three persons each, which makes the new migration one of families and not individuals.

Some observers of this reversal of a trend have seen in it a correlation between the business cycle and the return to the farm. They believe that with prosperity there is a natural influx to the city and with depression a natural return to the farm. But there is doubt whether the present return of prosperity will bring a return to the farm. In the past the farmer has not been protected against the onslaughts of drought, depletion and depression,

but if the paternalism of the New Deal continues, his stay on the land may be a more permanent one.

Once the trend in America was toward centralization of populations. Factories and commerce and labor and stores and entertainment

had to be bunched together. But with the coming of the automobile and the truck the trend has reversed until now decentralization is the tendency. Greenbelt areas, part-time farmers and part-time factory workers are aims of the Administra-

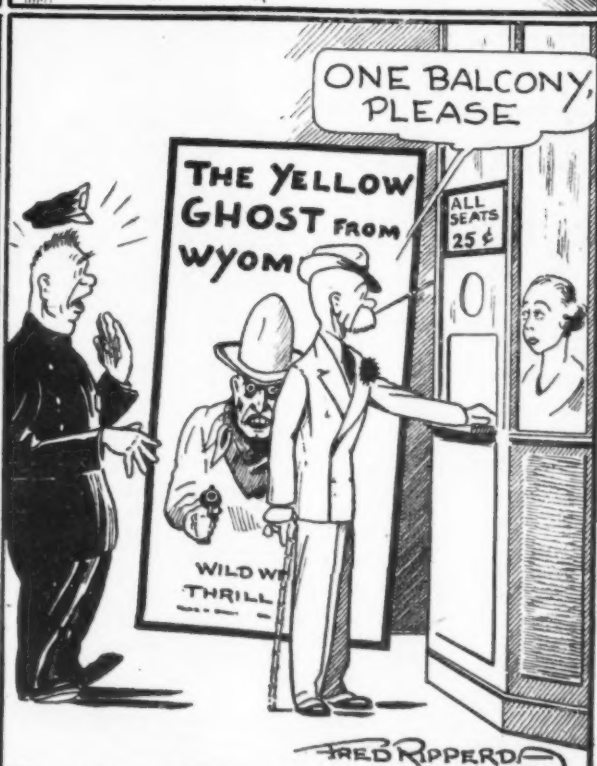
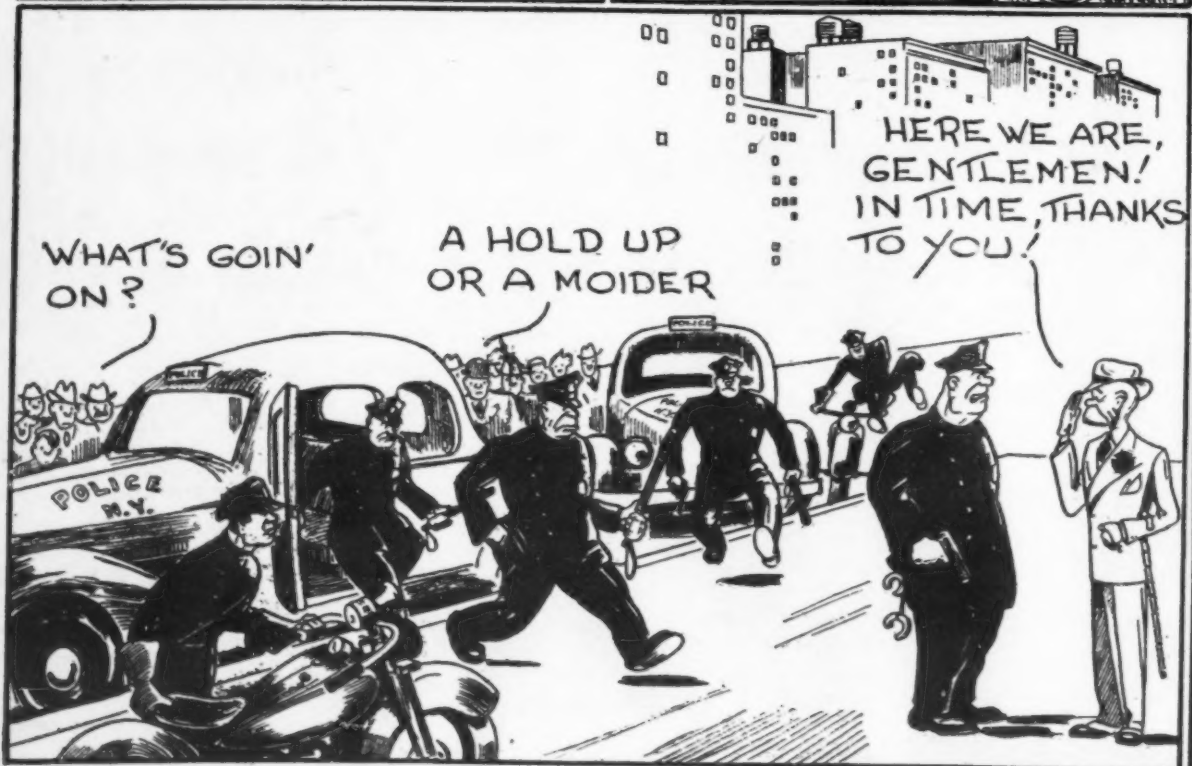
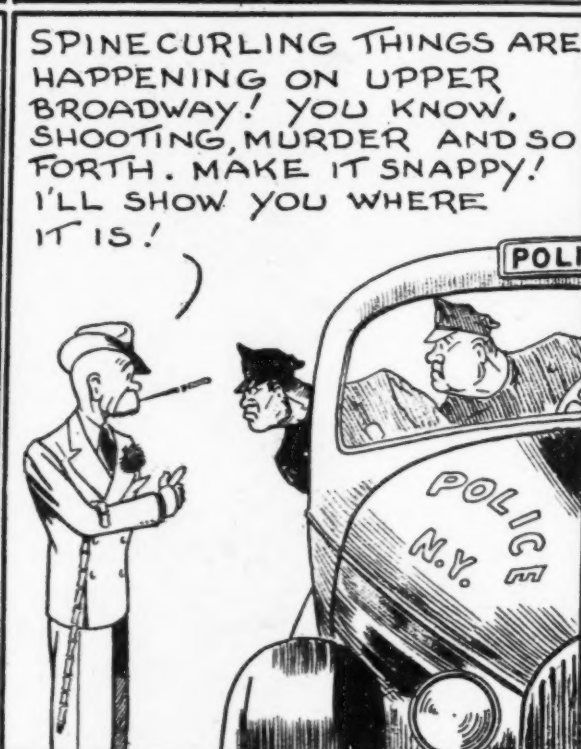
tion. If nothing intervenes to blast hopes of returning a population to the soil, the coming of prosperity, instead of drawing population into urban centers, will draw urban centers outward into pleasant rural communities.



Charles Kruteh

The unemployed, unable to obtain work in factories, mine and mills, seek to escape idleness and reduce expenses by resettling subsistence farms (like the above), by returning to houses they or their relatives once occupied









Brown Brothers

The fantastic "Witch of Wall Street" and Dewey. When this beloved dog died Hetty was so grief-stricken that her regimen of miserliness broke down and she sought solace by going to live at New York's Hotel Plaza for three weeks in a \$15-a-day-room—the only extravagance of her 78 years

## Hetty Green's Millions in Lawsuit That Had Its Roots 70 Years Ago

**T**HE GREENS are in court again. This time it is at Port Henry, N. Y., that thousands of dollars of taxpayers' money are being spent on a trial concerned with the family that has been one of the most frequent objects of legal attention in America in the last seventy years.

These are the famous clan of Hetty Green, fantastic miser who for decades was called "The Witch of Wall Street." She sued, or was sued by, an incredible number of people during her lifetime. Always she loved the excitement, drama and thrilling entertainment of litigation.

She seldom won cases, but that didn't stop her. She knew how to make one legal brawl bring on still another. She simply did not pay her lawyer's fee, and gaily let him sue to get it.

The present court encounter is another contest over a will, a kind of litigation to which the people of Hetty Green's blood have been particularly prone, because of the effort from generation to generation to preserve their fortune intact and save it from being fractionalized among numerous heirs, or falling to outsiders.

So carefully have the Greens made this effort that in their marriages the man or woman coming into the family has been required to sign a relinquishment to all rights of inheritance. The legality of one such relinquishment is the basis of the present suit at Port Henry. The former Mabel Harlow of Chicago, widow of Hetty Green's eccentric son, Col. E. H. R. Green, is trying to break her late husband's will, which bequeathes his entire estate, variously estimated at fifty to eighty million dollars, to his sister, 65-year-old Mrs. Matthew Astor Wilks.

Mrs. Green is said to admit that she signed a relinquishment of this colossal fortune before her marriage to Col. Green in 1917, in consideration of the sum of \$625,000 and a life annuity of \$18,000.

But she claims now in court that she thought this was merely an arrangement for her pin-money, that she never knew till Col. Green's death the full significance of the document she signed. She was lured, she says, to the office of the Columbia Trust Company in New York, to sign the paper, by being told that Diamond Jim Brady's tops in pure os-



tentation, the toy train encrusted with diamonds, was on display in the vault.

To people who are fiercely, passionately and exclusively preoccupied with money, the foremost fact of their lives is that no one can take it with him when he dies. Hence their consuming interest in wills—

young money-lovers because through wills they may get money, aging money-lovers because through wills they can control their wealth long after their deaths, a supreme form of immortality or, if you wish, an inverted form of necrophilism by which the dead can continue to indulge their lust from the grave.

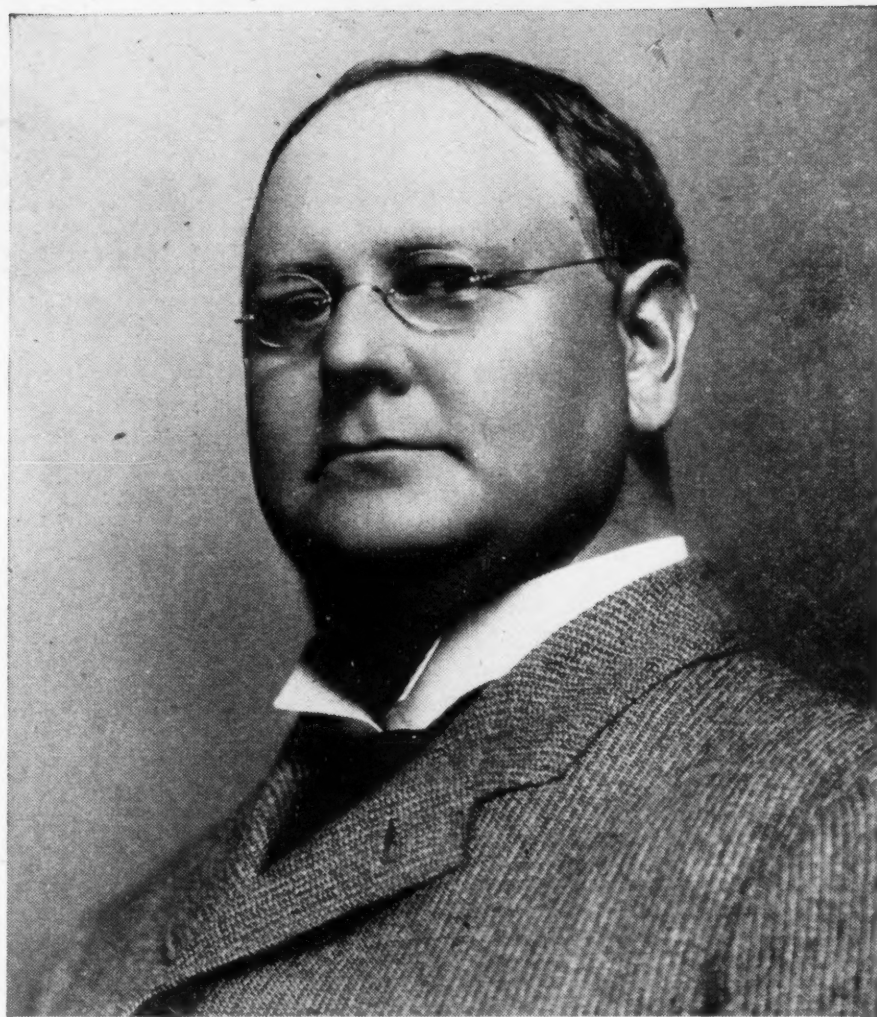
The clan of Hetty Green have been fans for wills from way back.



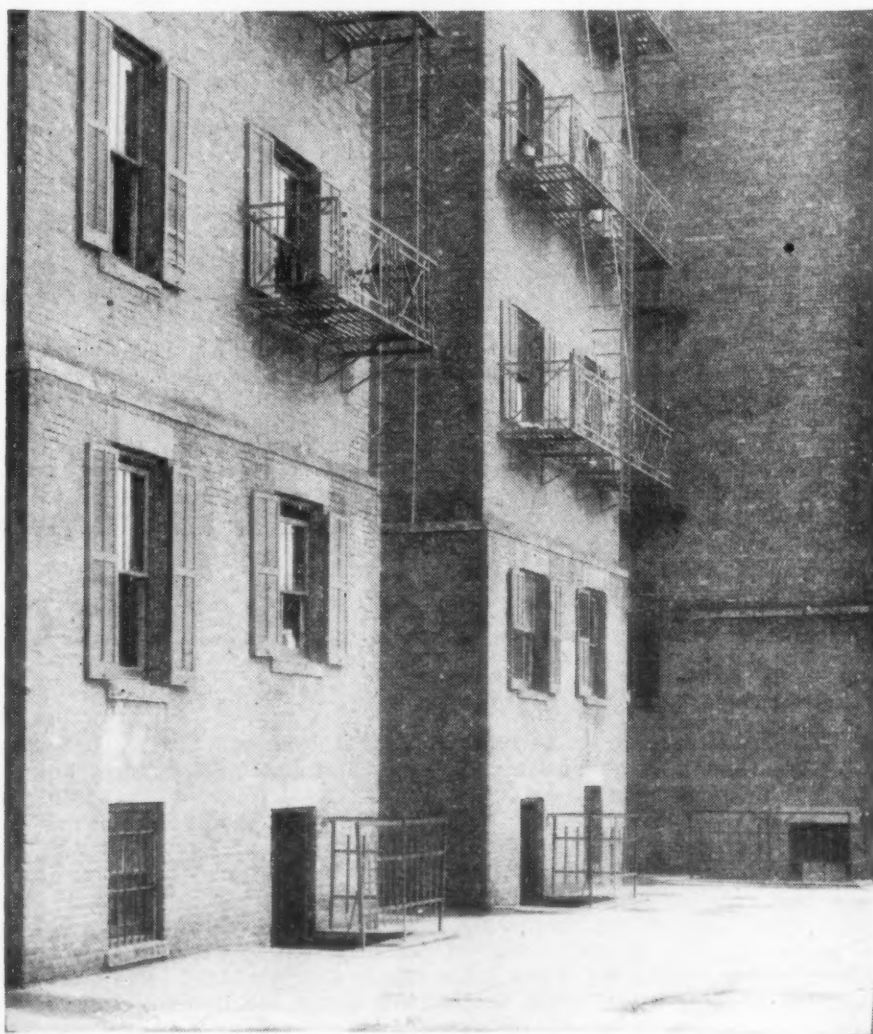
Hetty and her daughter, Sylvia Ann, on the day that her engagement was announced to Matthew Astor Wilks, standing in the center



Col. E. H. R. Green and his wife on their wedding day in 1917. Following his death last summer, she is now suing to set aside his will and obtain his share of Hetty's million



Col. Green at the age of thirty. From the time his leg was amputated at the age of 19 he had picked up weight, due to lack of exercise. He dislocated his knee when 14 and through Hetty's parsimony he was not given adequate medical attention



The cheap apartment house in Hoboken, N. J., where Hetty Green lived off and on for several years. Her practice of moving about from one tawdry boarding house or hotel to another bore fruit on her death when no state could prove her to have been a resident in order to collect inheritance taxes



One Isaac Howland laid the basis for the riches now at stake at Port Henry through the influence of a will. In 1755, when he was 23 years old, he quarreled with his father, a penny-pinching Massachusetts farmer, who thereupon informed him he would cut him out of his estate with five shillings. Hopping mad, Isaac struck out for himself, determined to show his old man he didn't need his money. He went over to New Bedford, became a shipping merchant and a distiller and was far wealthier than his father when the old man died.

Hetty's mother was a Howland and by the time Hetty was born, in 1833, the family fortune had multiplied until it comprised no less than thirty whaling vessels, and Hetty was sole heir to it all. Half of the property was her mother's—rapidly being extended by means of her father's shrewd business capacities—and the other half was owned by her maiden aunt, Sylvia Ann Howland.

As a natural-born money-lover, Hetty spent all her childhood and youth snooping, pumping and worrying about the wills that were to enrich her. Her father's will proved fairly satisfactory on his death. He left her everything he had—an even million outright, and about four and a half million in trust. The trust put a limitation on Hetty's control, which was a nuisance, but still there was nothing she could do about it.

But Aunt Sylvia Ann's will was distinctly unsatisfactory. It left Hetty only \$900,000, and the rest of a two-million-dollar estate went to miscellaneous friends, distant relatives, widows, orphans and such absurd projects as the building of a public library and the introduction of a running-water supply in New Bedford. Hetty was not the kind to take a thing like that lying down. She brought in an entirely new will and sued to have it accepted.

The new will explained that the testator, being aged and infirm, a chronic invalid, was afraid that she would be involuntarily forced by interested parties to sign a will that would not give her beloved niece Hetty everything she had, and that if any such will ever did show up it was to be regarded as the result of undue influence and not the true expression of her desires.

The battle over this document centered upon whether the signature was genuine. Handwriting experts proved that when super-imposed on a signature that everyone agreed was genuine, and which Hetty had had in her possession, it exactly covered, letter for letter, stroke for stroke, spacing between words and even distances from margins—an exceedingly strange coincidence for a woman with a palsied hand.

On the other side, however, John Quincy Adams dug up some old cancelled checks of his grandfather, the John Quincy Adams who had been President, and a handwriting expert testified that out of 110, twelve exactly covered. Also Judge (later Supreme Court Justice) Oliver Wendell Holmes declared the signature appeared genuine. But Hetty compromised the case.



Mrs. Wilks, who is now fighting her sister-in-law's suit to obtain a share of her mother's carefully hoarded millions. An obedient daughter, she refused European noblemen and other gilded youths until, when she was 38, her mother picked out John Jacob Astor's 58-year old grandson as a suitable husband



Mrs. E. H. R. Green as she appears today. The \$625,000 outright payment and a life annuity of \$18,000 given her on her marriage were, she thought, only pin-money. She says she didn't know what the document was when she signed a relinquishment to any further part of her husband's estate

Hetty could not endure the thought that outsiders might get any part of her money. She did not marry until she was 33 out of fear of fortune hunters, and then she took care that her husband should be nearly as rich as herself, and that he signed a pre-nuptial agreement renouncing all inheritance rights to her money. Edward H. Green was the man. He was eleven years older than Hetty, and had sprung from an old and respected Vermont family. Through twenty years of trading in the Philippines he had built up a considerable fortune. Hetty allowed him to support her and give her his valuable advice about investments until 1885.

Then he permitted himself to be caught short in some railroad shares, owing \$702,000 to a New York bank. It was in the same bank that Hetty had large cash deposits and stored the bales, bundles and trunks of her securities. The bank failed and when Hetty indignantly demanded her property she was told she had first to make good her husband's obligations. Hetty was outraged at being held responsible for Green's debts and promptly broke with him.

That was in 1885. The receiver of the bank checked off Hetty's securities as she lugged them out to a cab herself, and they came to an even \$25,000,000 worth. This was a notable expansion of the six and a half millions Hetty had received twenty years before. By the time Hetty died in 1916, the sum had grown to a figure variously estimated at 67 to 80 millions.

Her money made her more money not only through the kindly magic of compound interest, but by giving her the means to turn the succession of panics that gripped America from 1873 to 1907 into personal picnics for herself.

Hetty's great pre-occupation in her later years was with the marriage of her children. She had nightmares of their marrying fortune-hunters who would run off with her money, money, money. She made her son, E. H. R. Green, promise not to be too impulsive. He waited twenty-eight long years, and was 49 when he finally married the not at all wealthy Mabel Harlow, first making her sign a pre-nuptial waiver to all rights of inheritance.

Likewise Hetty's daughter, Sylvia Ann, waited a long time. Hetty sent packing all the young men who hovered thick as flies around her. At last, in 1909, when her daughter had reached the age of 38, Hetty found a suitor for her whom she could approve, though she always regarded him with some suspicion—he had only one million. He was Matthew Astor Wilks, aged 57 at the time, and a great-grandson of John Jacob Astor. His chief advantage in Hetty's eyes was that he readily agreed to the customary pre-nuptial waiver of inheritance rights.

Can it be doubted that what is going on now at Port Henry, where this same daughter is a defendant in a bitter legal fight to prevent a full half of Hetty's money going to a woman who is no blood relation of Hetty's at all—is making Hetty restive in her grave?





International

King Neptune surges rhythmic undertones to the rehearsals of the Santa Barbara children's harp ensemble. He will be guest of honor at a recital where songs of the sea will predominate. The organization is a hobby of Florence Lyons, noted harpist



International

Watch out for the cavernous depths of Vernon Dech's mouth! Outfielder for the St. Joseph Club, he is said to be the one and only to squeeze a baseball in his mouth. Joe Brown's got nothing on him

## Step Right Up...

Diminutive lasses weighing only 365 pounds, leg-twining contortionists, midgets and sword-swallowers aren't the only freak showmen on earth

"OH, EVERY time he grunts he leaps, and every time he leaps he grunts," the barker spiels. And the crowd surges into the side show to witness that greatest of all performers—the leaping frog.

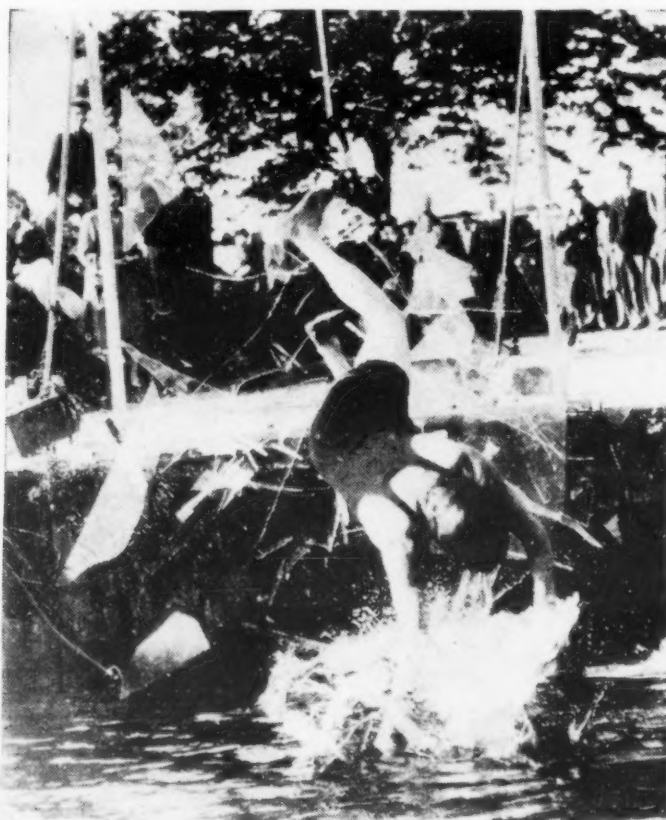
Anything for a laugh or a thrill, and the freaks provide them. Take

the grunt-groaning strangle-holders who have habits of kicking the referee in the pants, or the man who tussles and squirms with the man-eating alligator, or the stevedore carrying bottles atop his head on his day off . . . showmen with method to their madness.



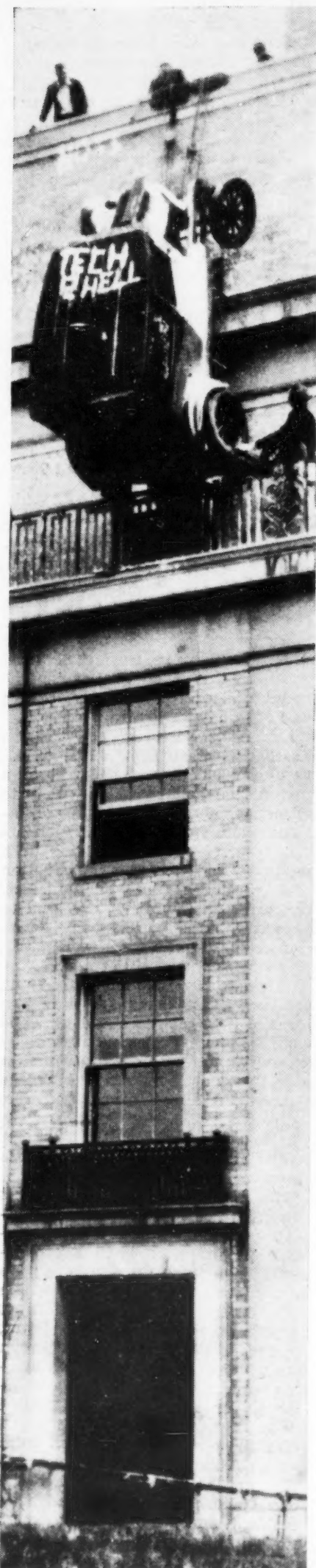
International

Fowler, champion bottle carrier in the 22-mile stevedore race. Three men, each over fifty years of age, wagered between themselves on the walking race. Fowler juggled the bottle the entire distance without dropping it from his head



International

A bathing suit, a helmet, and bingo through a plate glass barrier dove Harry Loraine, English daredevil, into the Thames River. He sustained cuts on his shoulders and legs. Anything for a swim. But blimey, the water's cold!



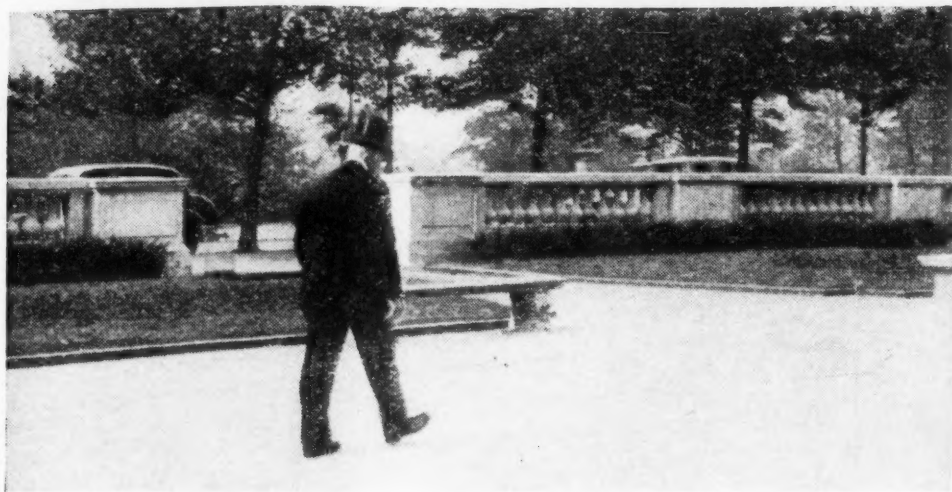
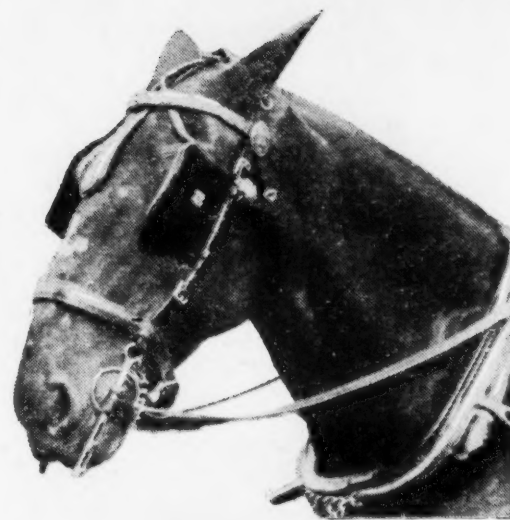
International

Cambridge police sleuths have something to work on here. Tech students, who sleep in this building, woke up one morning to find this auto staring into their eyes



# Cupid Last Cabby

The hansom cabby of the Nineties now finds as his main function the fostering of young love in the park as the hardy race of cab drivers diminishes



Fares are few during the day, and the cabby takes an occasional walk to stretch his legs



Out of place beside today's high-powered motor cars, both horse and driver bear an aristocratic mien as sole testimony of their former glory



Manoeuvring in fast, horn-tooting gasoline-exuding traffic, is often difficult



Night is the cabby's time. He polishes up his carriage for the night's fares . . .



. . . Who come, generally in pairs, soon after dark . . .



and love, with cabby as cupid, is reborn under the stars—with the cabby getting anywhere from \$5.00 up for his trouble

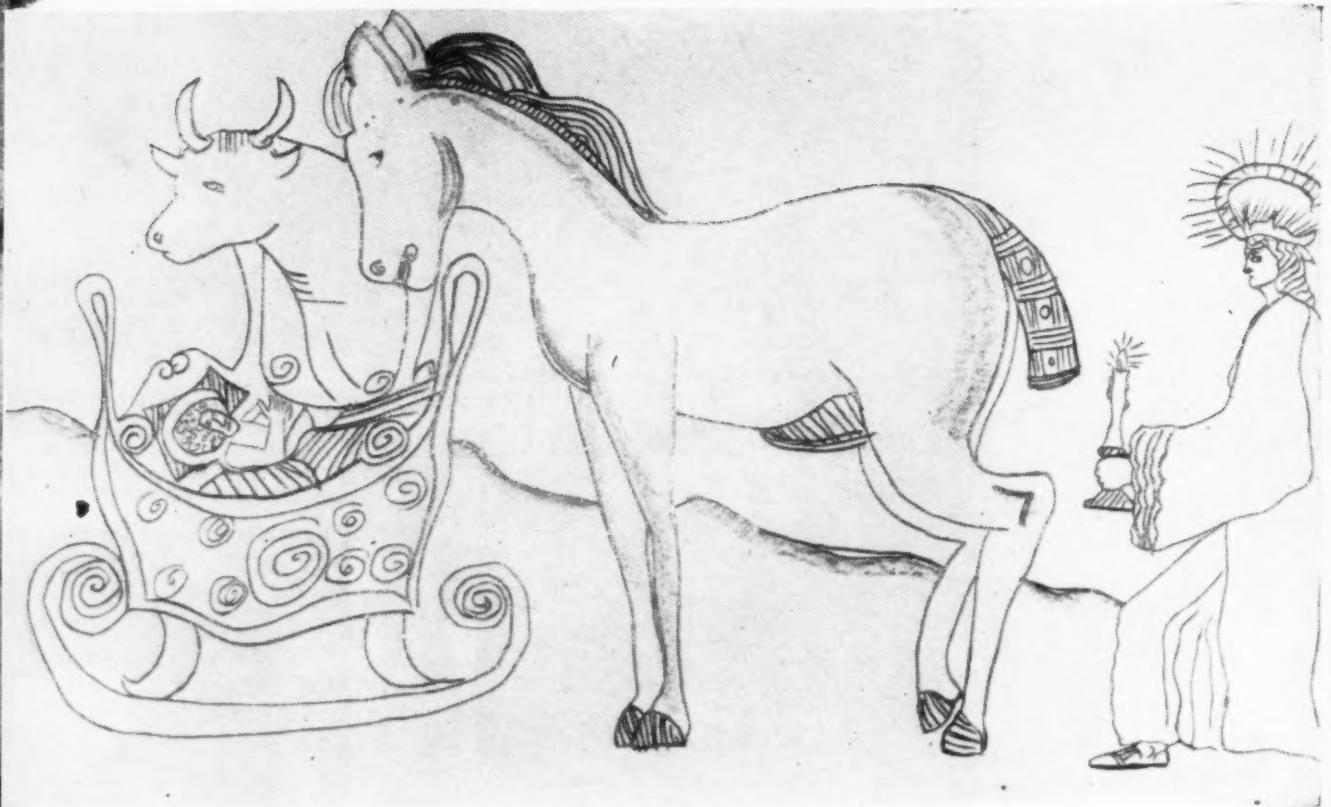


# Child Art Goes

"In our community we have never seen an original work of art"



"Mother and Child." Wood engraving by Hyman Dorfman, 14, New York. Owned by the government



"The Nativity." Pencil drawing by Joe Larkin, 12, Hartford, Conn. Owned by the government



"Miner." Plaster head by Mike Mosco, 15, New York. Collection of the artist

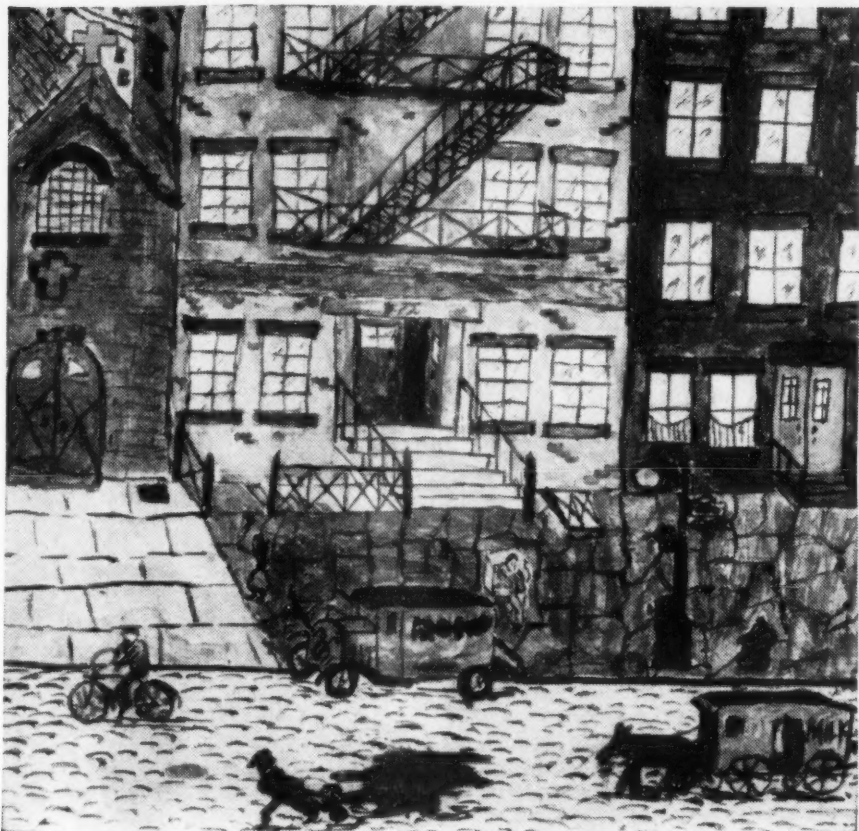


"Going to Town." Water color by Donald Liguore, 10, New York. Collection of the artist



# On Tour

In these words town, county, school-board, library and hospital officials all over the nation ask for products of the Federal Art Project. An exhibition of representative work turned out under the Project, shown first in New York and later to tour the country, has just been acclaimed by critical experts. These photographs show specimens from the exhibition. They are all by youngsters, six to sixteen, trained by teachers under the Project.



"Our Street." Water color by Robert Schubert, 11, New York. Collection of the artist



"The Butcher." Oil on paper by Louis Novar, 14, New York. Bought by Museum of Modern Art for its permanent collection

ART for the people and by the people has progressed a long step under the Federal Art Project. European countries have subsidized their artists for a long time. Now America, spurred by the necessity of providing for artists impoverished by the depression, follows suit. Results: preservation of the skill of numerous artists from the deterioration that comes from disuse, renewed hope and vitality for individual artists and the entire American art movement, and, finally, a diffusion of works of art among vast sections of the population living in small, remote communities that otherwise would never have encountered them. Works produced under the project now enliven previously blank spaces in public buildings of hundreds of communities, large and small, not only enriching the lives of all that see them but also providing inspiration for young artists in the making.



"Chinaman." Wood carving by Tony Madonia, 13, New York. Collection of the artist



Conger Goodyear, right, president of the Museum of Modern Art, congratulates Nick Arsena, 15, on his painting "Politics Under the El," shown in the Federal Art Project exhibition at the Museum in New York

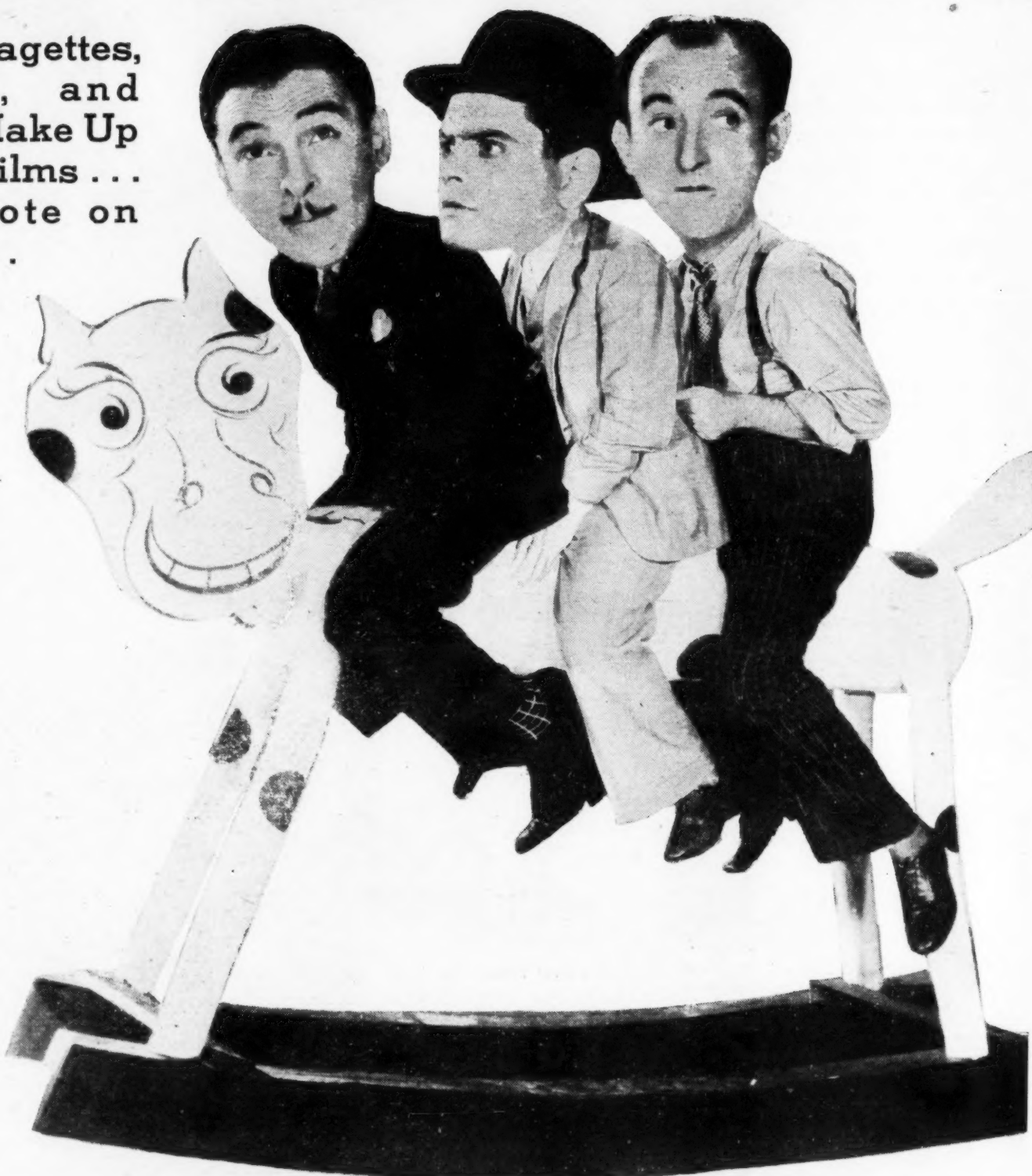


# Rebels and Rackets

Portraits of Suffragettes, Sansculottes, and Sweepstakes Make Up Forthcoming Films ... with a footnote on Studio News ...

THE French film-makers have been busy. Pathe-Natan, who grind their cameras on the Seine, have made a version of Victor Hugo's library-set classic, "Les Miserables" starring the outstanding character actor, Harry Baur, whose portrait some time ago of the police magistrate in the French "Crime and Punishment" was a memorable piece of acting. Rumors have it that American producers of the American "Les Miserables" which starred Charles Laughton as Javert, and Fredric March as Jean Val Jean, bought up the American release rights of the French film a year ago for some \$20,000 in order to permit the American product first call on the market. At any rate, rumor or truth, the French product, which comes to us with four-star praises, is due to open at the Cinema de Paris in New York late in October.

Warner Bros. are also out to heat the critics up with two new films: "Green Light," an adaptation from Dr. Douglas' best-selling novel of the same name, featuring Margaret Lindsay, Errol Flynn and Anita Louise, and a screen version of that funny-man play "Three Men on a Horse," which still has Broadway buying tickets. With Frank McHugh, Joan Blondell, Allan Jenkins, who rate tops among the screen's comedians, "Three Men on a Horse" also, according to advance notices, assures the film public it will break all laugh records. But don't trust the publicity men. They said that before, and some of the celluloid comedies couldn't raise a giggle in a room full of laughing gas.



Sam Levene, Teddy Hart and Allan Jenkins mount the nag for Warners' "Three Men on a Horse"



Margaret Lindsay in Warner-Cosmopolitan's "The Green Light" ...



Emile Genevois in the French "Les Miserables"



Harry Baur as Jean Val Jean in "Les Miserables"



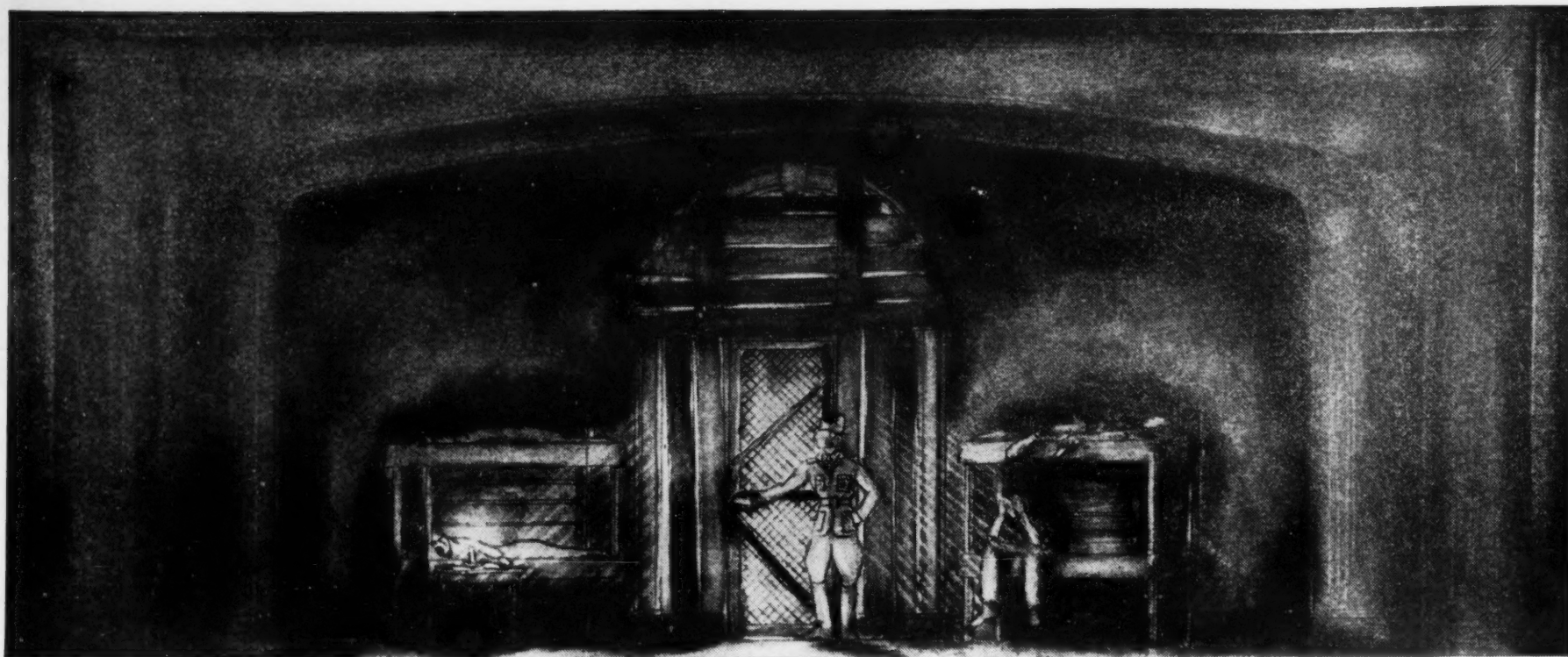


Katherine Hepburn as Pamela in R.K.O. Radio's "A Woman Rebels"

Meanwhile, RKO Radio is putting the finishing touches to Katherine Hepburn's new vehicle, "A Woman Rebels," which was originally titled in the making "Portrait of a Rebel." Miss Hepburn's male lead for this one is none other than that veteran of restrained romance and precise passion, Mr. Herbert Marshall, who in cravat and beaver hat helps the film through its paces. The daughter of a tyrannical country gentleman (Mr. Donald Crisp) in Victoria's England (this one has got hoops and bustles and lace, instead of the capes and velvet of "Mary of Scotland") Miss Hepburn, it appears from the mimeograph machines of the RKO

publicity offices, is permitted by a script which stints on nothing to elope from her English home after a wild love affair that begins in the mansion of the old gentleman and ends in his moonlight flower-arbor where Katherine surrenders herself to a doublecrosser who don't mean her no good, bears an illegitimate chee-ild in an Italian villa, re-patriates herself in London where, braving social lorgnettes and front-page scandal, she hires herself out as London's first newspaper woman, and to ultimately marry the correct publisher (Mr. Marshall) who becomes a father to her daughter and a shield to her womanhood.





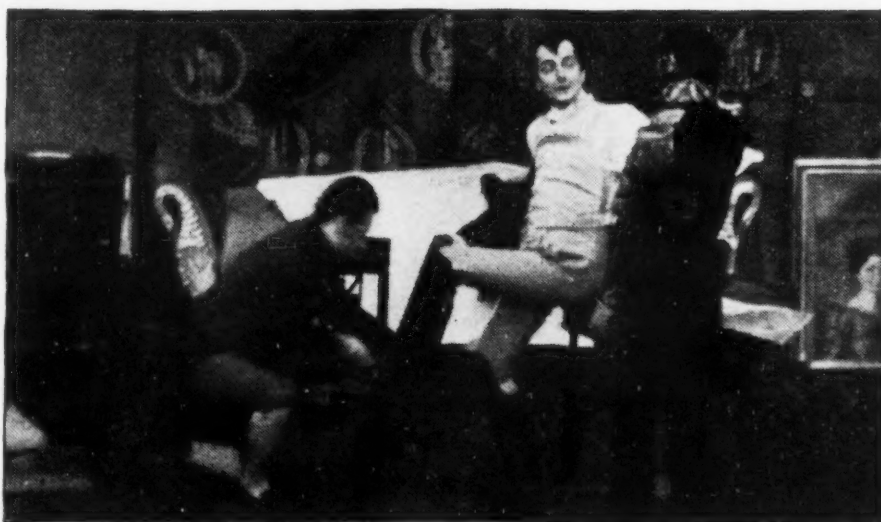
Design by Tom Adrien Cracraft for one of the four New York productions of "It Can't Happen Here"

WPA Theatre Project

# It Happened on the Stage

**T**HE WPA presents "It Can't Happen Here," the play J. C. Moffet and Sinclair Lewis have fashioned out of the latter's novel. Twenty-eight units perform simultaneously in sixteen states under federal ægis.

By its approval of the play the Government establishes the fact that it is less a censor than the moving picture industry which bought the book, hired Sidney Howard to do the adaptation, cast the parts and decided only a short while before the cameras were to start turning that it would be against the public weal to continue with the production. This was the reason Mr. Hays' office offered for the decision. Neither Mr. Hays nor MGM, which owns the rights to the book, made further explanations. They denied, however, that the likelihood of every fascist country on the face of the earth banning not alone that picture in the event of its production, but all further MGM



Coplan

Of the ruin of a dream and the degeneration of the dreamer who is Napoleon, "St. Helena" treats



Nazimova revives Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*



Noel Coward's "Tonight at 8:30" which comprises three programs of three one act plays



Coplan

Maurice Evans plays brilliantly the part of the emperor in exile

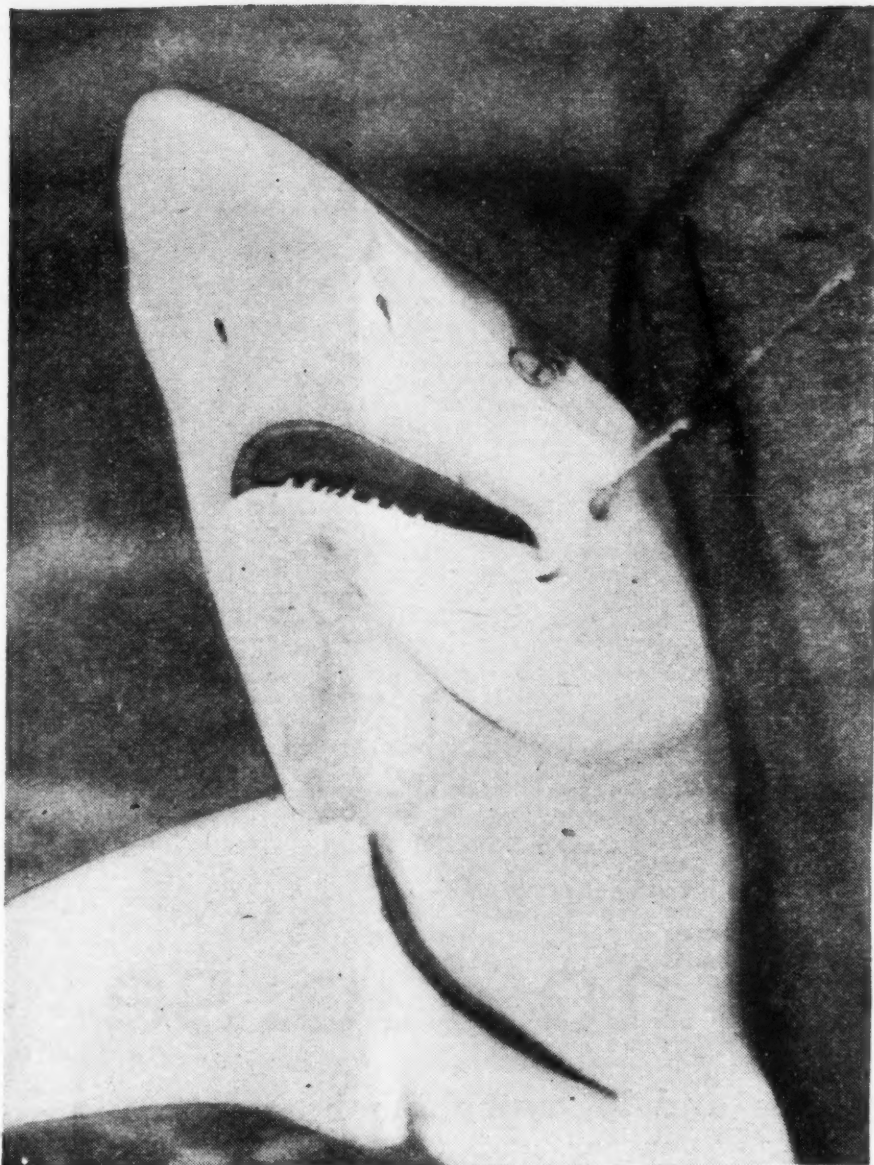
products to boot, had any bearing on the matter.

It is first rate politics on the part of the administration—producing "It Can't Happen Here" in such wholesale fashion. There could be no more effective means of making the warnings of coming enslavement—should the Democrats make the grade again—sound like so much nonsense. Dictators simply do not go in for self criticism. Particularly in such lethal doses as does Mr. Lewis. His book, if you remember, demonstrates how a fascist state might be formed out of the ingredients of today. And the picture it paints of the realization of that possibility is enough to scare the daylights out of one. An America of concentration camps and trial by dictator and race persecution is what might be in store for us if . . . But thank the powers that be over America we have got a government which does not censor its theatrical productions.



# Fishing for Man Killers

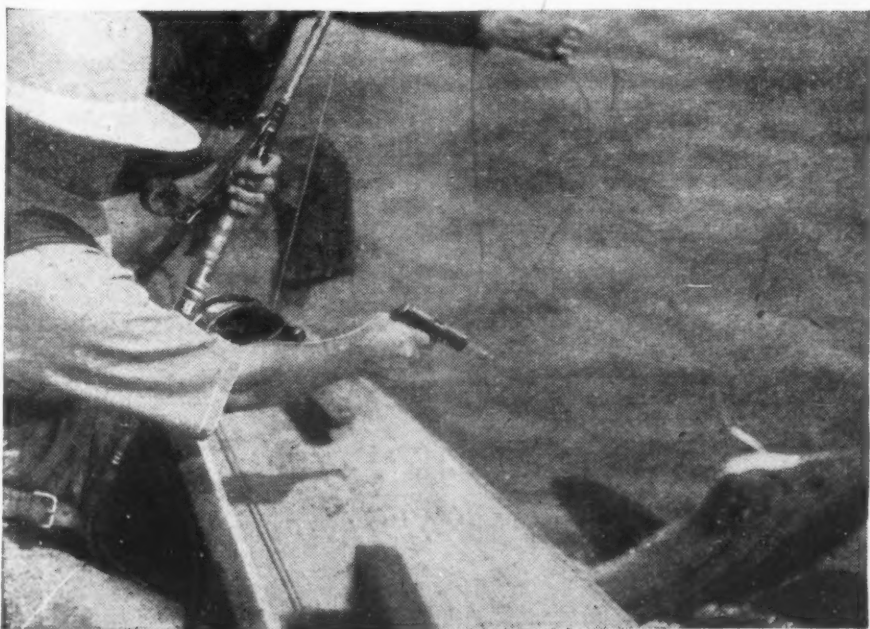
Fishing for giant sharks in Australian waters is a man's game and the battle goes to the patient and the strong.



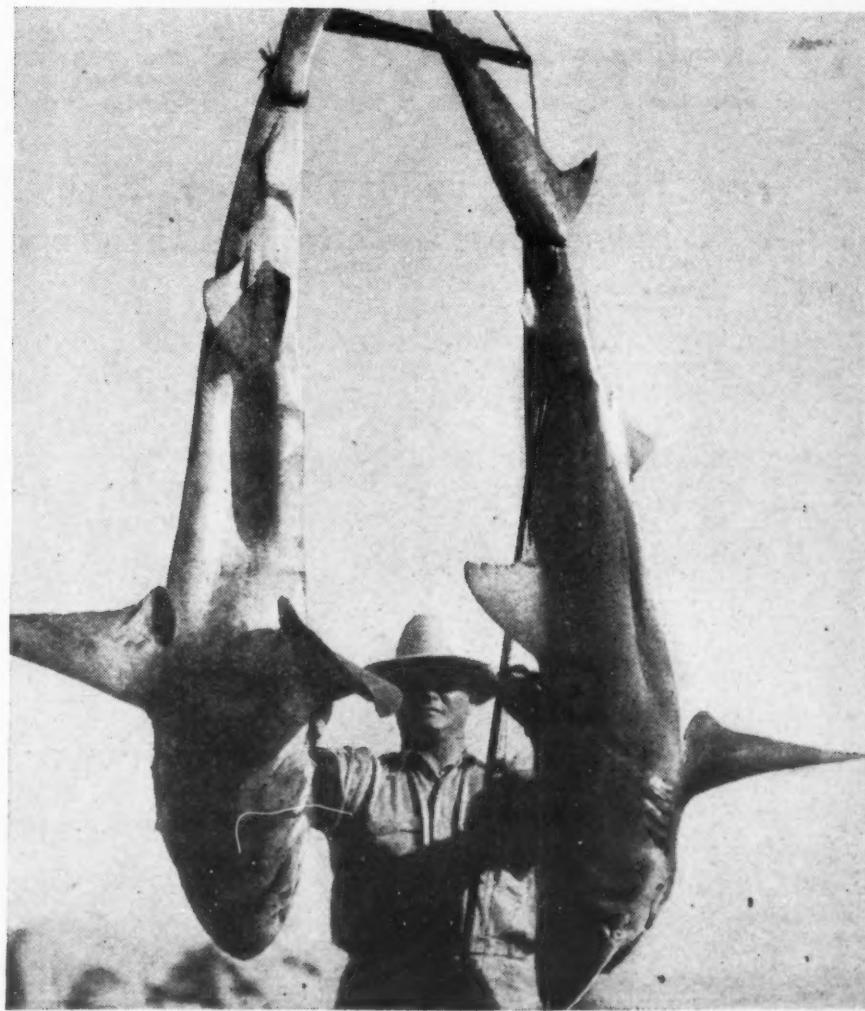
There's death in the jaws of this twelve-foot grey pointer shark, and thrills in bringing the giant to the side of a boat



Shark fishing calls for nerve and strength. The heavy leather harness worn by Errol Bullen, of Sydney, will take up part of the terrific strain when he hooks one



An automatic is part of every fisherman's equipment in shark waters. Four bullets have not stopped the thrashing of this monster



International Photos

Two ferocious grey pointers caught off New South Wales. Many bathers are maimed or killed by these sharks, which swim close to shore searching for food





Wide World

The military jumping team from Chile, which will be out to make it hot for the Irish, winners of the international military challenge trophy at the National Horse Show last year. The Chilean officers are Lieutenant Pelayo Izurieta, Captain Eduardo Yanez, Lieutenant Louis Perez and Lieutenant Rafael Montti

# His Majesty The Horse

Prancing saddle horses, frisky jumpers and high-stepping harness horses hold the attention of the sports world at the National Horse Show



Dual Control shows good control in clearing the fence as he prepares for the jumping classes next week. The hunter is owned by Frederick M. Warburg, and is controlled here by Miss Beverly Sanford, of Katonah, N. Y.

**H**is Majesty the horse will dominate much of the social life of New York City next week when the National Horse Show holds the center of the stage at Madison Square Garden from November 4th to 10th.

Society, which formerly was the show's only patron, finds itself crowded by interested spectators who come to see the social turnout as well as the horse show. The man in the street, who occasionally sees the milkman's horse plodding its rounds, has realized that there are other kinds of horses and that they can be colorful in a setting complete with red livery and blaring bugles. He likes the military touch supplied by the uniformed officers of ten countries, and the snappy exhibitions by New York's own mounted police.

Rich in tradition, the National is at once the oldest, largest, and to horsemen the most important show held in the country. It dates back to 1883 and has increased in size and popularity steadily since then. His Majesty the horse holds court here in all his old glory.





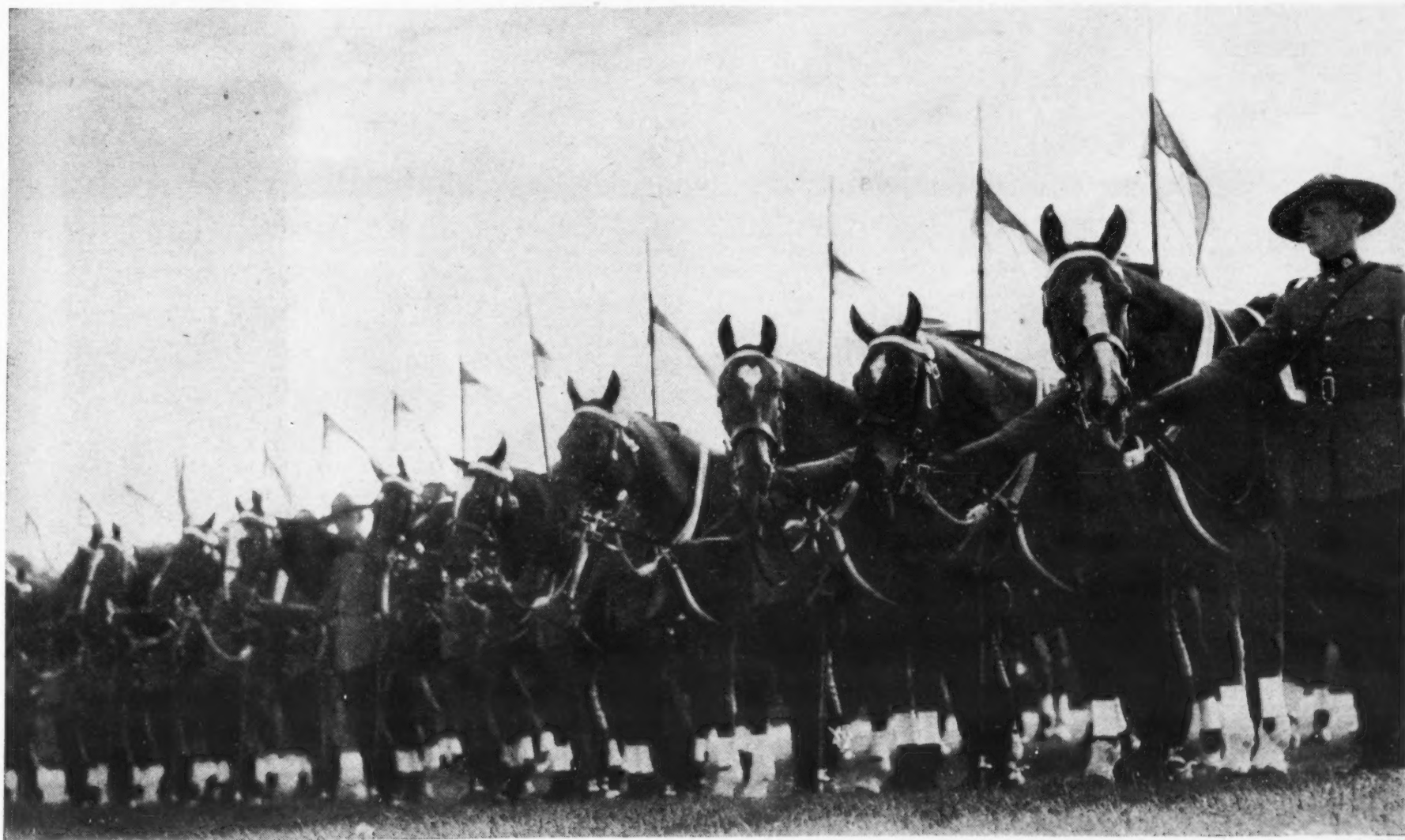
International

Weary River, consistent winner of blue ribbons, takes a hurdle with Miss Carol Gimble in the saddle. He can't afford to be weary next week as he competes against America's crack jumpers



Wide World

Up and over! Fred Wettach's Epic put everything he had into this leap and cleared the bar with plenty to spare. He'll thrill the Madison Square Garden crowds at the National



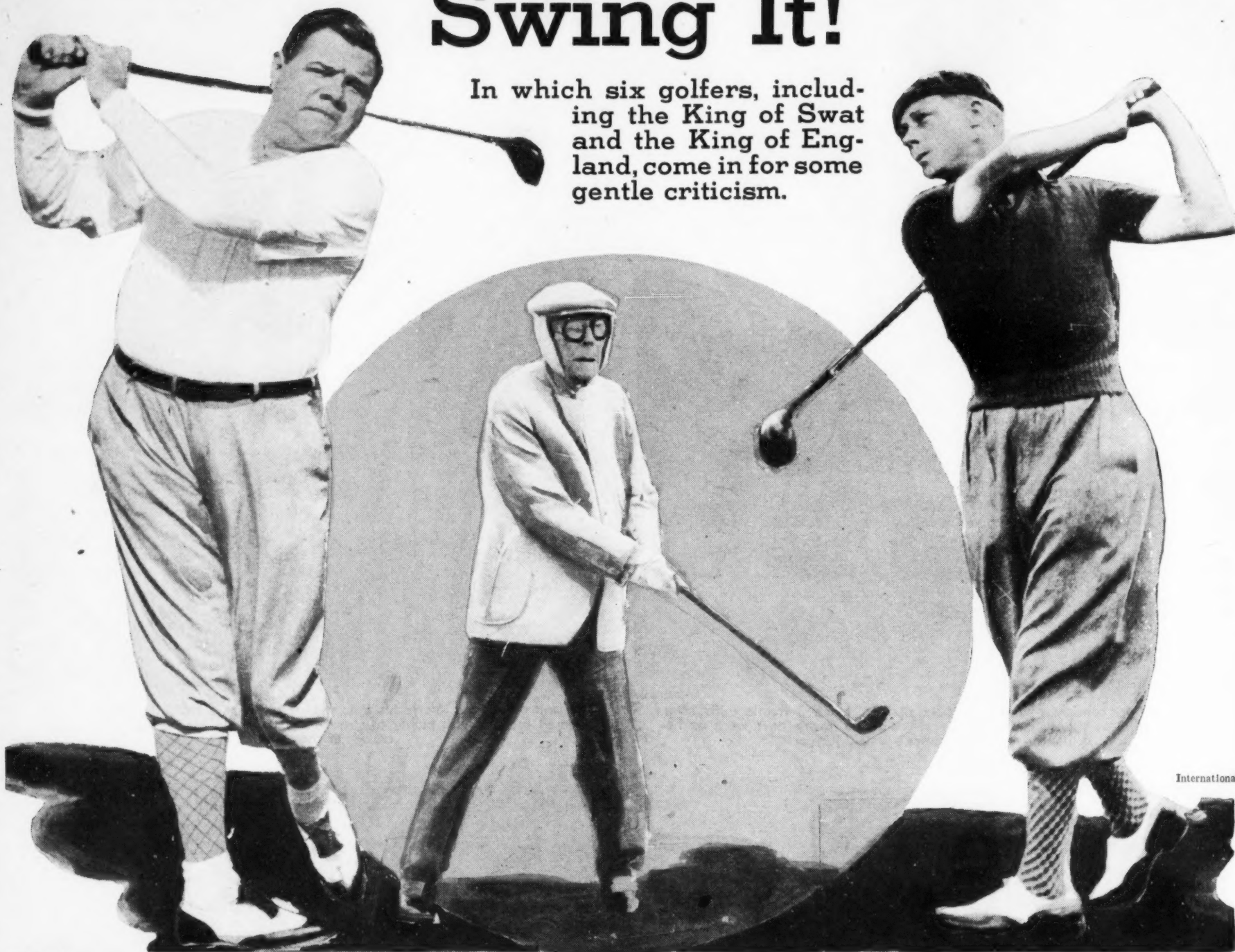
Wide World

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who always get their man, line up for inspection. The Mounties stole the show two years and are coming back to show the city folk what intricate maneuvers can be accomplished by thirty-six men and horses



# Swing It!

In which six golfers, including the King of Swat and the King of England, come in for some gentle criticism.



Wide World

Babe Ruth, using the sense of timing which made him the Home Run King, connects with a nice drive. The Babe is even better in his short game than in his driving.

International

John D. Rockefeller is "quitting" on this niblick shot, on which he should have followed through just as in a drive

International

King Edward VIII plays a royal game of golf and is right in form on this drive. His Majesty might be criticized a bit, though, for overswinging



International

Lady Astor should control that left foot and allow her weight to rest on it, leaving all the toe-work to her right foot



International

Alfred E. Smith. Too much waist line prevents him from pivoting as he should, and he's not swinging his weight to his left foot



Aral-Pix

The Agha Khan is much too tense as he addresses the ball. If the Prince would loosen up he'd get more rhythm in his golf



# How to Punt



Nice pass from center

Until a few years ago, kicking a football was considered strictly a defensive move, but with the increasing use of the quick-kick, it has become an offensive weapon as well. A quick-kick not only gains ground, but also has a depressing psychological effect on the opposition when it catches a team off guard.

Speed in getting the kick away is

the important thing in this phase of the game. Many a halfback who can boot the ball sixty yards in practice is warming the bench these days because he can't get the ball away fast enough. Accuracy comes next. Joe Woitkoski, of Fordham, who has both these qualities, shows how he does the job as seen in a center's-eye view of a perfect punt.



It's all up to Joe now



Eyes on the ball, ready to step forward



The ball is dropped, left foot swings



The ball is falling fast, but Joe's ready



Perfect timing brings foot and ball closer



Contact!



Lots of power in that kick

International Photos



# Chill Till Firm

## Some Hallowe'en Icebreakers



Bib and Tucker and June Lang of Hollywood

Charlotte recipe, that calls for a box of Royal orange gelatin, some cream, and some black cat licorice or other Hallowe'en favors for decoration. Take the package of gelatin, dissolve it in a cup of boiling water. Add to it  $\frac{1}{8}$  tsp. salt and 2 tbsp. sugar, and a cup of fresh orange juice. Chill the mixture until it begins to thicken, then whip it until it is frothy. Fold into it the pulp from two oranges, drained from juice, and a cup of whipped cream. Mould and chill.

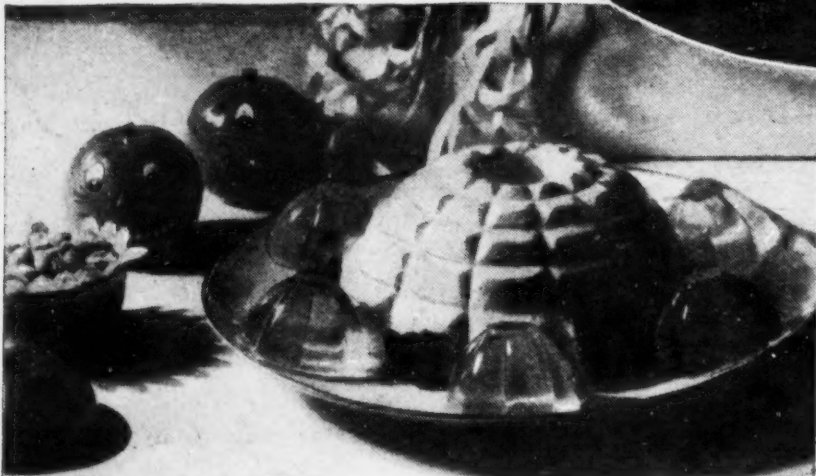
Creole salad, which measures up to high standards for the salad days, takes one package of Royal Salad gelatin, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup tomato juice, 2 tbsp. chopped onion, 3 tbsp. chopped green pepper, 2 tbsp. chopped pimiento,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped cucumber, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped celery. Dissolve the salad gelatin in boiling water, add the tomato juice, and chill the mixture until it thickens. Add the remaining ingredients, pour into a mould, and chill until firm. This recipe serves six as given here.

### STUFFED TOMATOES IN ASPIC

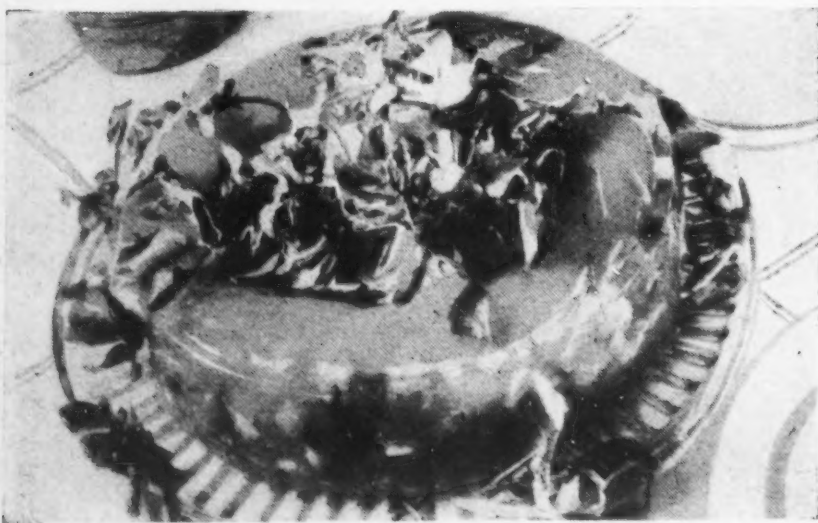
Or if you want to avoid the onion taste, which some of us do, God wot, give your guests stuffed tomatoes in aspic. Take a package of Royal salad gelatin, 1 cup of boiling water, 1 cup of cold water, 4 small peeled tomatoes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flaked crabmeat, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped celery. Dissolve the salad gelatin in boiling water, add the cold water, and chill the mixture until it begins to thicken. In the meantime, scoop out the tomatoes, sprinkle them with salt, and stuff with a mixture of celery and crabmeat moistened with mayonnaise. Pour a small amount of the gelatin mixture into the bottom of four large individual moulds, and chill until firm. Then put a stuffed tomato, top down, in each mould, and fill with thickened gelatin mixture until the tomato is covered. Chill the mould, and serve it on lettuce or water-cress.

**Y**our calendar has told you that Hallowe'en is upon you. And I am probably not far wrong in thinking that your bridge club is upon you too. This page should supply a practical horoscope for consultation on the morning of the fateful day. Chief among your problems, says Swami Geisha, will be a main course that is attractive, palatable and yet can be served with a minimum of bother.

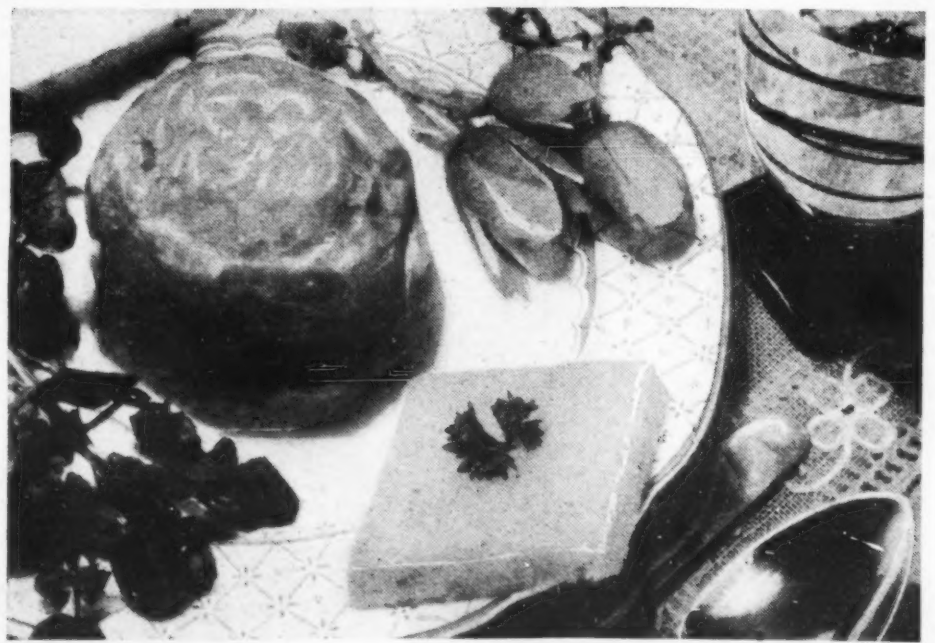
If you should desire something sweet and light, try this Orange



Here is the orange charlotte. It is done up in black and orange and can be Democratic or Hallowe'en in motif



For your refreshments after the heat of the game has subsided, try a Creole salad—attractive, colorful, and simple



Or you may prefer a stuffed tomato in aspic. The recipe mentioned here serves four; it can be enlarged, if you wish





He came up beside Flaubert, went down again, and when he came up the second time he was behind Flaubert . . .

# Not Too Narrow . . . Not Too Deep

## A Novel by RICHARD SALE

Illustrated by Eric Godal

"Si," Telez replied. His black eyes were shining and he was standing in the boat below.

"Where is she?" Weiner said. "Where the hell is this ocean liner? Lead me to her, mister!"

"She's down the waterfront about half a mile," Meredith said.

"We'll have to stock her," I exclaimed suddenly. "Where did the other men go? We've got to get food and water aboard her. And we've got to get out of here soon. The sooner the better. We can't take any chances on the governor's changing his mind."

"I can't believe it!" Weiner said.

Meredith smiled and shook his head. "It's true all right. And you don't have to stock her. She's stocked. We arranged all that. We got the food much cheaper than you could have. And the water tank is loaded up to the nozzle. You're stocked for a month at sea, LaSalle. You haven't a thing to worry about."

"Say," Weiner asked suspiciously, "What are you getting out of this anyhow?"

"Getting?" Meredith said, surprised. "I'm not getting anything."

"Why are you doing it then?" Weiner asked.

"To help you men out, that's all. To give you a chance of making safety. You wouldn't have much of a one in that open boat."

"You mean you're just doing this to help us?" Weiner asked, flabbergasted. "You're not getting a thing out of it?"

"Of course not," Meredith replied. "You'd do the same for me."

Weiner shook his head doubtfully.

### *If You Missed the First Chapters, Start Novel Here*

(Synopsis of First Three Installments)

The story is told by Dr. LaSalle of his attempt to escape with nine other men from the prison island of St. Pierre, off the tropical coast of South America. The leader in planning the escape, Henry Moll, an international jewel thief, self-reliant and domineering, arranges with a fisherman for a boat to be hidden on a beach at the other side of the island. The fisherman demands 5,000 francs. Moll invites nine other prisoners each to put up 500 francs and come with him.

LaSalle is the first he approaches. Seven others who agree are Telez, a sullen Spanish smuggler, a religious zealot; DuFond, a timid, somewhat effeminate young man; Flaubert, a pathological case whose persecution complex had caused him to strangle his wife; Weiner, a "tough" German, imprisoned for sedition; Benet, an otherwise normal, bald little man with a penchant for attacking little girls; Pennington, an American, former college professor, who had stupidly let himself in for an espionage conviction while on a European trip; and Dunning, another American.

Two other men become involved: one is Verne, as strong as Moll himself. Moll refuses to let him join, out of a dislike of having along anyone who could challenge his leadership. Verne comes anyhow. The other, a man named Cambreau, appears suddenly and mysteriously and says with calm confidence, "I want to come." None of the other conspirators had ever noticed him among all the other prisoners before. More remarkable is Moll's loss of his customary truculence when he speaks to him.

The escape gets under way inauspiciously. LaSalle, suffering from hernia and age, almost collapses from the ordeal of crossing the jungle to the beach where the boat is hidden. He and Cambreau find Moll lying there unconscious from the bite of a deadly snake. With only a sharp-edged sea-shell and a few matches in the darkness, LaSalle lances his leg and ap-

plies a tourniquet. Cambreau strangely declares that though the surgery was well done he knows Moll will die.

Dunning fails to reach the rendezvous but before the other conspirators can depart their animosities and peculiarities set them against each other. Cambreau is the only one who can enforce order, and he does it by a quiet, almost unearthly power of will.

Once on the open sea in the frail boat the hatreds and psychopathic weaknesses of this odd assortment of social outcasts flare up to greater heights so that, even in the midst of a violent storm the boat is a oating combination of a madhouse and a cockpit. But always Cambreau remains calmly above the chaos. Moll dies, staring at Cambreau and whispering wildly "Not you, not you!" Verne is lost overboard.

Despite the turmoil, some of the other men exhibit inexplicable improvement. Pennington, incurably tubercular, begins to feel and look healthy. LaSalle is able to see clearly without his glasses, for the first time in many years. Benet is cured of his psychopathic impulses. Cambreau even seems able to prophesy when they will reach land.

The boat finally comes into Port of Spain, Trinidad. But the escaped prisoners are not allowed to stay. Benet, slipping into his old ways, has frightened a little girl, and the governor has ordered all the men to leave within 24 hours. But where are they to go in their small boat?

Meredith, a newspaperman, is attracted to the cause of the outcasts, especially after hearing the story of a strange faith-healing incident in a poor part of the town, Cambreau's work. With some friends he raises enough money to buy a 38-foot schooner, the Albatross, in which the former prisoners can hope to make Santiago de Cuba. Weiner is bewildered and incredulous that anyone would be so kind without any hope of getting something for himself.

"Sure you would, if you could."

"I'm not so sure."

We left Telez at the sloop to tell the others and then we went up the waterfront until we found the schooner. She was moored in at a pier with lots of other schooners and some beautiful cruisers. She was in a regular slip, stern first, gently rolling with the tide. She was a beauty. Her sides were covered with flaked paint but they had wide strong curves and you could tell there wasn't a sea which she couldn't weather. She didn't look so big. She carried a main sail, fore sail, fore stay sail, fore top sail, and a flying jib. We went on board and inspected her and she got in our blood so much, we wanted to get going right away.

About fifteen minutes later, Pennington arrived and when he went aboard he got as excited as we were. At noon, the rest of them came with Telez, Cambreau, Flaubert, DuFond. We decided to depart. I went over to police headquarters and brought back Benet. He sulked all the way and didn't say a word. I didn't say anything to him either.

We set forth early in the afternoon. Only Meredith saw us off. "Santiago de Cuba," I told him when we left.

"We'll see you there?" I asked.

"You bet you will," he answered.

"Bon voyage!"

"Thanks a thousand times," I said.

"A million times," Weiner added.

As we went out into the Bay of Paria he couldn't get used to the idea at all. "I don't understand it," he kept repeating. "He didn't get anything out of it. He just did it to



give us a break. I never heard of a man doing that before. It's not natural. He didn't get anything out of it, yet he went ahead and got us this boat just the same."

It impressed me how that simple fact changed Weiner.

Cambreau sat by the wheel, his eyes closed, and I thought back to that first day on the beach when we awoke in the morning to learn from him that the sloop was afloat.

*The boat looked inhumanly small. "Don't worry about that . . . We'll have a larger one after we reach Port of Spain."*

Well, we'd reached Port of Spain and we had a larger boat, all right.

I never heard Weiner swear again.

7

Next evening, when the sun dipped, we passed off the east coast of Blanquilla, an island in the lesser Antilles group. This showed how accurate the ship's compass was. We had had a fresh breeze all the way from the Dragon's Mouth exit of the Bay of Paria. It heeled us a little but not nearly so much as it had in the sloop. The spars creaked and the canvas stretched tight as we rapidly stenciled a path across the sea. The ripples of our wake made small swells themselves that spread out like the sides of a fan, while behind us in straight lines running parallel to each other and separated by the same width as our own beam, white air bubbles floated for a long time before bursting. The quietude of this voyage had a soothing effect. The sun stayed with us, but now we had a cabin so that we could go below and lie in our bunks, or we could sit in the shadow of the sail. There was no necessity of getting sunburned and there was no necessity of skimping on food and drink. We ate heartily and enjoyed it. There was little dissension. Pennington cooked and DuFond helped. Pennington really liked the job. He was always fixing new dishes and he did a fine job.

8

The fifth day, as I was sitting at the wheel, Weiner sat down beside me and said: "I think there's a squall coming up. You can see it in the northeast, doctor."

I looked at the northeast and saw black clouds racing down on us before a fast wind. They were traveling rapidly and the sky began to darken.

I looked forward and saw Telez and DuFond up in the bow. Telez was stretched out comfortably on his back and DuFond was playing with a coil of rope. The others were below.

I called to Telez and told him to get below. DuFond got up too, looking frightened, and hastily went down.

"What are you going to do?" Weiner asked.

"Why," I said, "we'll just have to lash the wheel and go to the cabins. There's no protection on the deck here. We might be swept overboard."

"You've got to furl the sails," Weiner said. "They'll blow out when that thing hits them."

I hadn't thought of that at all so I lashed the helm and he and I went

forward, lowered the fore sail and furled it. The squall was coming more rapidly than I thought. We got the main sail down and furled it, too, tying the boom into the crotch, and then went forward again, but there was no time to furl the jib properly.

"Go below," I ordered Weiner.

"No," he said. "You can't leave the helm like that. We're in the steamship lanes now. You've got to stay at the helm."

"All right," I said. "I'll stay at the helm."

"No," he said, "I will. You get below. I'll rope myself here so that I won't be swept overboard."

"I'll do it," I said. I didn't want to but it was my turn and I didn't like to quit.

"You can't do that," Weiner said. "You're in no shape to fight the wheel. You'll hurt yourself with your rupture and everything. I'll do it. I can handle it all right."

"That doesn't sound like you," I said.

"Yes, it does," he said. "I'll handle the helm. That's me all over."

"All right," I said.

I gave him the wheel and watched him rope himself to the guard-rail astern so that he couldn't be swept overboard. The wind whined through the rigging. You could hear the solid creaking of the planks. Rain came from the north. You could see it sweep across the sea toward you, a thick opaque gray veil and the sea suddenly became turbulent.

"Listen!" Weiner shouted to make himself heard. "Go below and start the engine. Full speed ahead. We've got to keep some headway in this or we'll be swamped!"

"All right," I said.

I went below and closed the hatch securely, leaving him all alone out there. I started the engine and it functioned perfectly. It stopped the yawing sensation and the crazy rolling and we began to move. The ship vibrated with the engine. We plunged nose down, stern up, stern down, nose up, but we didn't roll as much and the crests did not swamp the stern. Weiner was right. He was getting to be a regular sailor.

Pennington had shut the closets tight so that the crockery was safe. I could hear the pots and pans rattling noisily in the galley. The lamps overhead swayed to and fro. DuFond lay in his bunk. He stared straight up at the lamp and with each motion of the boat, his white hands gripped the side of the bunk and the knuckles gleamed brilliantly in the half-darkness. Flaubert wept. Telez assumed his usual attitude of sullen dislike for the whole thing. He lay flat so that he would not toss around. I climbed into my bunk and stared out of a porthole. The sea was furious. The waves would hit the porthole, blot out everything and then the water would run down and away, making the scene hazy and soft. Heavy weather all right. ". . . Poor Rudolph! . . ." I felt sorry for Flaubert. It was too real for him. His heart wracking sobs were plainly audible above the groaning of the ship's timbers.

Cambreau slept through it all.

It was only a prolonged squall that

lasted six hours. Night fell before the wind suddenly stopped moaning and the sea began to subside.

When we had ceased pitching and it became possible to walk about safely, I said to Pennington: "Make some hot coffee and hurry it. Weiner's been up there all through this. He'll need it."

"I will," Pennington said, and he went to the galley.

I cut the engine to half speed and then I slid open the hatch and went out on deck.

The heavy rain and the moonless night made the stern so black, I couldn't see anything, not even the breaking phosphorescence of the white-caps. Feeling my way through the darkness and gripping the railing of the cockpit, pretty soon I felt the helm. The rain was soaking me to the skin but I didn't mind at all. I felt around the wheel, but I couldn't find Weiner's hands. Then I felt the rope. He had lashed the helm with rope guides to hold a course and his hands were gone. Frightened, I plunged recklessly around the wheel. Dangerous crests broke over the stern.

I found his right hand first. It was icy. He was lying on his back behind the helm, cold and utterly stiff. I felt for the ropes around his body and caught hold of them but I couldn't untie them because the sea had wet the knots and the strain had made them tight as steel.

Leaving him hurriedly I ran down into the cabin and got a knife from Pennington in the galley.

My face alarmed him. "What's happened?"

"Weiner," I gasped, "I think he's dead." I went out again and cut the ropes from his body. I struggled with his dead weight bracing myself on the helm and finally lifted him over my shoulder. I staggered back to the hatch and then slid down the companion with Weiner. Nobody helped me. Pennington offered to, but he couldn't leave a lighted flame with the boat still pitching. I took Weiner forward. Telez, DuFond, Benet and Flaubert just stared at me. Not one of them got up to help. They just stared. Cambreau was still asleep. I laid Weiner on his bunk and stripped off his wet clothes. I never felt flesh so cold. His eyes were half-open, the pupils dilated. He looked dead. I felt his pulse and couldn't catch it at all. But he was still breathing, a mirror showed that. I didn't know whether he was drowning from water in his lungs or dying from sheer exhaustion. He didn't move. Pennington entered with the coffee. I took a little of it and tried to pour some down his throat, but decided not to because he was completely unconscious and his throat muscles didn't work at all. I might have choked him to death. I put all the blankets I could over him to make him warm. Then I sat beside him and waited for him to do something, but he didn't move. Pennington came over and sat beside me. "I'm afraid of that, doctor," he said. "He looks dead." "He's not dead," I said. "He's breathing." But breathing didn't mean a thing. His skin was like wax. He looked dead, breathing or no breathing.

9

We kept the helm lashed and the sails furled and I cut the engine and let it die. We drifted. The waters had calmed and the schooner rolled gently like a cradle. The rain continued and the sound of the drops against the surface of the sea had an hypnotic monotony.

After a while, I left Pennington with Weiner and took Telez with me. We went up on deck in the rain and hoisted the fore sail. I saw the jib had flown out. The wind had lulled, but it was strong enough to fill the fore sail with a dull crack and we moved forward again. I didn't want to drift for fear we might lose our bearings altogether. When we had set the fore sail and laid a course by the compass, I went below again leaving Telez at the helm and closing the hatch so that the rain could not come in. It was pouring and I was wet through. The cabin was hot, too hot. I opened a porthole and went back to Weiner.

Flaubert was snoring. He had cried himself to sleep. DuFond was asleep too.

Weiner had not changed at all, except that his eyes had closed, cutting off the stony stare. That made me feel better. I didn't like the glassiness of the eyes. I felt for his pulse and I still couldn't find it, but when I tried the mirror, I found he was still breathing. His flesh was cold, his lips white.

Pennington yawned and tried to stay awake, but seeing that he was dog-tired I said: "I'll sit up with him. You get some sleep."

"I don't like to leave you alone," Pennington said.

"That's all right," I replied, "I'll wake you up if he comes to. You'll fall asleep if you sit here."

He smiled. "Guess I would at that. All right, I'll turn in. Wake me up if you want a little relief."

"I will," I said.

He got up and then turned back again. "How would you like some coffee? That might help."

I nodded. "Thanks."

He went to the galley and came back with a cup of coffee. It made me feel much better.

After Pennington turned in, it was very still. There were sounds, the swishing waves, the creaking of the masts, the squeak of the lantern handle where it swung from a nail in the overhead planking, Flaubert's resonant snore, the whisper of the raindrops on the sea, the sound of the wind whistling past the open porthole, the dull thud of the bow when it nosed down into each wave, but in spite of all this the silence was heavy. All those little noises, rolled together, produced the effect of silence. I was too used to them to hear them.

The coffee didn't do me much good. My eyelids drooped. I fought to keep awake but it was hopeless. I remember glancing at Weiner while the swinging lantern cast a yellowish glow on his face. He looked waxy, as much like a corpse as any one I'd ever seen.

Then I dozed.

It seemed I had been sleeping



soundly a long time there, sitting beside his bunk, when I dreamed I was up on deck in the rain, standing at the helm and peering into the night. The sea was rough and the fore sail wasn't drawing as the schooner tossed. I had to wrestle with the wheel all the time and I was tired of it. I was alone: none of the other men was anywhere around. Presently the rain turned into a heavy mist that settled close to the water. I never felt so utterly lonely. I stood there, peering until red spots danced before my eyes. Then suddenly out of the night came the belch of a fog-horn that sent a violent chill down my back. I looked around in a panic. Again the horn blasted almost in my ears. I looked to port and shrieked. The huge black bow of an ocean liner pierced the fog, coming toward the schooner as though to cut it in two . . .

At that moment I awakened, my face dripping with sweat, and as I opened my eyes I could almost swear that the echo of that fog-horn still reverberated dully in my ears. It was so real that I got up and ran to the hatch which I found open. Looking back I saw Telez lying in his bunk. I climbed out onto the stern where Cambreau was sitting at the wheel.

Over his shoulder, not twenty feet away, the black bulk of a ship was passing swiftly, its twinkling myriad lights heavily visible.

"I knew it," I said hoarsely.

Cambreau smiled.

"Did you?" he asked.

"I dreamed it!" I said. "I just dreamed it!"

He seemed amused. "How is Weiner?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said, bracing myself against the sway as I watched the stern of the liner pass into the mist and disappear. "The last time I looked at him he could have been dead."

"Go and see," he said.

Still panting at the near-collision, I went downstairs and examined Weiner. Telez roused himself and asked anxiously: "What was that sound?"

"A liner," I said. "It just missed us."

"Dios mio," he said. "It frightened me."

I couldn't tell whether Weiner was dead or alive. I couldn't find any breathing this time. I couldn't find any pulse. That was enough to make him dead. But when I looked at his eyes, I saw that the pupils had contracted and that raised doubts. I went on deck again and told Cambreau.

He said: "Well, now, you're a medico, aren't you? Why don't you do something for him?"

"I can't," I said.

"Why not?" he asked.

"I can't do anything," I explained, "I haven't any stimulants, no hypo needle, nothing. I can't do anything."

"You lead me to believe," he said, "that the human treatment of pathology is inadequate. Must you always have your scalpels and your needles and medicines?"

"Of course. Doctors can't work miracles."

"You mean doctors cannot heal." I didn't say anything.

"They can treat," he said. "But they cannot heal. Take away their medicines and what can they do? Take away their scalpels and where is their surgery?"

I said: "I can't do anything for him! Don't you understand—"

"Of course I do," he interrupted. "Take the wheel. I want to show you something."

I took the wheel and he went below. After a few minutes, Telez came out of the cabin a little wild-eyed. "Sacré Maria," he gasped. "That man is a devil!"

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"That man," Telez shivered and rubbed his shoulders. "He came down and he went over to Weiner and he said: Hello, Weiner, wake up there. And Weiner opened his eyes and sat up!" He crossed himself fervently and opened his mouth to speak again when Cambreau came up from below. Telez choked off his words and went forward, unmindful of the rain.

"Hello!" Cambreau said cheerfully.

"What have you done now?" I asked.

"Something," he said dryly, "which a doctor could not do."

"Weiner poked his head out of the hatch and grinned at me. 'I'm all right, doctor. Did I scare you? . . . I'm sorry.' And he disappeared below."

We sat there for a long time in silence. Avoiding Cambreau's eyes I stared straight ahead, although I couldn't see a thing in the fog. Presently, Telez stole back to the stern and fled down into the cabin, muttering darkly to himself as he avoided Cambreau who seemed amused. I could hear him chuckle. There were just two of us then.

"Well? . . ."

"I want to know," I pleaded. "I want to learn."

"It's your life."

"I know it is."

"It will taste sweet at first; but it will gall you later."

"What did you say?"

"It will taste sweet at first; but it will gall you later."

*And the voice which I heard from heaven spake unto me again and said, Go and take the little book which is open in the hand of the angel which standeth upon the sea and upon the earth. And I went unto the angel, and said unto him, Give me the little book. And he said unto me, Take it, and eat it; and it shall make thy belly bitter, but it shall be in thy mouth sweet as honey. And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey: and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter. And he said unto me, Thou must prophesy again before many people, and nations, and tongues, and kings.*

Cambreau said: "Here, Philip."

He handed me Moll's dilapidated Bible. "I have marked a certain book. There are many other books in this book but none of them can teach you any more than this particular one. It explains you to yourself and others to you. This hy-

pothesis was proven by the man who practised it . . . That was long ago and you are human enough, perhaps, to have doubted that demonstration. Human because the demonstration itself was humanly impossible."

"I know," I said. "That's why you healed my eyes. That's why you prophesied. That's why you brought back Weiner . . ."

"Is that all?" Cambreau asked—

"Only those?"

"Was there something more?"

He laughed.

"Tonight," he said, "you carried Weiner from here to the cabin. He weighed one hundred and eighty pounds and you weigh one hundred and forty-five and you were suffering from the delusion of a ruptured hernia . . . Is that humanly possible?"

I couldn't reply.

"You see, Philip, your truss is gone. It has been gone for two days and you have been very blind not to have noticed. You were blind tonight when you saw Weiner as a dying man. You have been blind all along when you saw Pennington as the inevitable victim of a disease."

"Yes?" I said.

"I have healed you twice," he said. "Your eyes and your groin. I will show you tonight the fallacy of your own senses. I will show you in the future, the fallacy of human law. Pennington will not die. He'll live."

"Yes?" I asked again.

"This is a new order, Philip. From tonight on, you are changed. Now you have a grain of faith and a grain of understanding."

"Yes?"

"The designated book will teach you how. Read it once and see the words. Read it twice and understand them. Read it three times—and practice."

"Yes?"

"Good night," Cambreau said, smiling. "God blesses you."

10

On the eighth afternoon at sea, the wind died, and Flaubert found a revolver.

It was shortly past noon and we were beating northwest at six knots when we suddenly ran into a pocket and all motion ceased. There was no breath of wind at all and the sun quickly became hot. The sails sagged limply not even fluttering. The sea was glassy and if you looked at it hard and long enough, you could almost imagine you saw steam rising from the waveless surface. The swells were so gentle, they gave the schooner no roll at all. I was sitting at the wheel with Weiner beside me when the calm fell and I didn't know what to do. The use of the engine during the storm had sapped the gasoline supply and I did not want to use it again unless I had to. I thought it would be better if we reserved our fuel in case some emergency arose.

DuFond was standing on the forward deck, holding one of the fore-sail halyards with one arm as he watched the horizon. Telez sat

with his back against the mast, the shadow of the sail covering his body. He had pulled his knees way up and his chin rested on them as he stared moodily at the water. Benet, Pennington, Cambreau and Flaubert were below.

"The wind's died," I said.

"It will come up again," Weiner remarked without turning. "Just hold the wheel and you'll see."

"All right," I said.

We sat there quietly, feeling the placidness of the scene. Presently the sound of a motor broke the stillness and we all looked around. Off to the south, we made out the black speck of an aeroplane, flying west.

"Look at that," Weiner said. "Isn't it funny how you can hear the sound? He's pretty far off."

"It's a Clipper ship," I said. "Probably flying up from Trinidad."

Weiner shook his head. "Think of that. He'll be in Havana tonight."

"Not quite," I said. "Probably Port au Prince. Havana is quite a jump. It's only two hours from Miami. That's still pretty far off."

"I guess you're right. But all the same, aeroplanes are marvelous things. They're breaking down the last stand of space . . ." He grinned. "Though of course, if Pennington is right, space has no last stand because it doesn't exist."

"Sharks!" DuFond shouted back.

We sat up. "Where?"

"Right off starboard quarter," DuFond pointed with his free hand. "You can see the fins above the water. Watch them. There!"

"I see them," Weiner squinted over his right shoulder. "Are they sharks?"

"They look like porpoises," I said. "That's the way porpoises keep jumping up and down."

"No," said DuFond. "They're not porpoises. They're not jumping up and down. They're swimming in a straight line. I can see them better here. They're sharks all right. Man-eaters, I think. They look pretty nasty. Look! The fins are up now!"

They were sharks all right, swimming lazily and looking as though they would pass behind us. They were the first sharks we had seen during the whole voyage.

We were watching them swim past when I saw Flaubert come up out of the hatch and stand in front of it. I saw him only out of the corner of my eye and I didn't pay much attention to him at first because those sharks were interesting to watch. But when I heard Weiner whisper to me: "Doctor—" I turned and then I saw the thing.

Flaubert was staring at Weiner, working his lips soundlessly. He looked quite mad. He was holding a .22 caliber revolver in his right hand, one of those target guns with a long blue-steel barrel and a large steadying stock which he gripped tightly.

Weiner licked his lips nervously: "I think—"

"Flaubert," I ordered, "put that gun down."

"No." He shook his head back and forth savagely and gripped the



gun tighter. It was aimed on a line with Weiner's stomach.

"What are you trying to do," I said, "scare us?"

"No!" he shook his head.

"Doctor," Weiner said hoarsely, "I think . . ."

"Shh!" Flaubert said. "Don't you talk!"

"Put that gun down!" I yelled at him. "Put it down I say!"

"I'm going to kill him," Flaubert said. "He wants to kill me. He's been trying to kill poor Rudolph all the time just like he killed Dunning!"

Weiner murmured, barely audible: "He'll do it—he's mad—I deserve this . . ."

"He won't hit poor Rudolph's head again! He won't hurt me any more," Flaubert whined.

His finger looked dangerously taut on the trigger.

I glanced at Telez's set face and said quickly in Spanish so that Flaubert wouldn't understand: "Quick, Jesus, jump him from behind there and get that gun out of his hand!"

Telez shook his head while his hands gripped the mast. "Not me. I don't want to die."

"I'm going to kill him," Flaubert said.

Meanwhile DuFond's feet pattered on the deck as he ran the length of the ship. "Flaubert! Don't do that!"

Flaubert jerked the gun around and yelled: "Don't you say that! Don't you come any nearer or I'll kill you too! I'll kill you all! You hate me! All of you hate poor Rudolph! I'll kill you all, every one!"

DuFond didn't stop. He dove down from the top of the cabin over the coaming right at Flaubert who looked surprised and fired the gun into DuFond's body as they collided. There was no explosion. The hammer only clicked. Nobody looked more stunned than Flaubert. The next instant DuFond had wrested the gun out of his hand and hurled it far overboard. Flaubert stood there a second, staring at the circle of the splash, then he emitted a wail and plunged overboard.

DuFond stood by the railing, aghast, looking overboard as Flaubert rose to the surface, his head shining with water, his arms and legs flailing wildly.

The rest of us were dumb-founded.

DuFond raised his eyes outward briefly, caught his lip in his teeth, and quickly dove into the water. He came up beside Flaubert, went down again, and when he came up the second time he was behind Flaubert. With his right arm crooked around Flaubert's neck he kicked them both to the side of the schooner.

It was grim—the way those sharks scented the trouble. Weiner and I lifted Flaubert and DuFond out just as a concerted rushing and swirling of water came close to the schooner. The black dorsal fins disappeared as the sleek grayish-white upturned bellies flashed by hungrily, and then came back again.

Weiner put Flaubert over his shoulder and carried him down-

stairs. DuFond sat down, trembling. The water dripped from his clothes and his hair was down over his eyes. He looked tired and panted heavily.

When I could speak I said: "That was a brave thing to do. Didn't you see those sharks?"

"I saw them," he said, "that's why I went in. I couldn't leave him there like that. He didn't know what he was doing."

"That was a brave thing to do," I said. "It took courage."

"I couldn't leave him there," DuFond replied. Suddenly he looked up. "Courage . . .?"

"It took courage," I repeated. He played with the word. "Courage, courage . . . It did, didn't it? It did take courage, didn't it?"

"More than I have," I said. "Good work."

"I couldn't—" He stopped and looked up at me. His eyes were steady and shining. "Thanks, doctor," he said in strong firm tones and then he smiled broadly. It was the first time I had ever seen him smile.

## II

One night we sat in the bow, Cambreau and I, and watched the beauty of the moonlight on the water. Weiner was at the helm, half-asleep, half-awake, as he steered us along the coast where—in the clear unmisted distance—the lights of Tiburon twinkled bravely in the darkness against the blacker and more majestic darkness of Cape Dame Marie where the bulky outline of the mountains rose precipitously from the floor of the sea.

The wind had pushed us steadily along our course and we were only two hundred miles from the southern edge of Cuba. The canvas billowed but no sound came from it at all.

We talked quietly for a long time up there, with the jib curved out over our heads. I had read my book. I had done everything but understand it fully. I understood what the words meant, but I could not understand what the words could do, how I could apply them. And this was what Cambreau taught me.

To him it was tedious. He knew it all. He understood the difficulty of translating it into my thought. "Words are spirit," he said. "That's why it is so large a task to feel them, instead of read them. When you try to understand what is written here you must understand in your heart—not in your brain. For when you think about the words, you consider their human possibility and you consider their human application and you suddenly perceive that you are considering everything about them through your own senses and that they are beyond that . . . You cannot catch them with your senses. You must catch them with your heart, with the love which you can feel, the gratitude which you express, the meekness and peace that is you."

He told me many other things too, and once he said: "You cannot understand now hard it is for

me to make you know. Faith is not enough. Faith will sustain you, but it will not let you sustain others. You must understand the things you are going to do, and once you have understood, you can never forget them. Some day you will write down this whole experience, and when you come to the things I am telling you, your manuscript will falter and you'll struggle to write it down and you'll fail. You'll be strangely reticent about what I have told you. The things I have shown you materially, will be very clear. But the things of the spirit you will not be able to put down. They'll elude you."

"Why will that be?" I asked.

"Because the spirit is the spirit," he said. "You cannot describe it. You only feel it. And you do not feel it as you might feel the illusion of pain. You feel it—as I have told you—in your heart. Inside down deep. You feel its indestructibility. After your body is dead, you'll feel it."

"Then my body must die some day?" I asked.

"Only if you will it," he said.

"And I will will it?"

"Yes," he said. "You'll want to, long before you actually do."

"Why?"

"Because of what you'll know of things that lie beyond the world of human beings."

Later on, I asked him if the others were going to do the same things as I, and he said: "No."

"Why have I been chosen out of the ten?" I asked.

"Because you were the only one who could hope to understand fully."

"I don't understand you."

"Listen to me," he said. "There is a town in Jehoraz not far from the old glory of Judea where an old Jew lived. He was very old and he knew that soon he would die, so he had his grave dug before he died to make certain that it would be just as he wanted it. When the grave-digger had finished, the Jew went to the grave and looked down into it and he shook his head and said: This grave will not do at all. The grave-digger was surprised. He'd worked hard and he considered it a good job, well-done. So he said: What is wrong with this grave? Then the old Jew replied: I cannot lie in a grave like this. It is much too narrow and much too deep. When the day of resurrection comes, how shall I be able to scale the sides of it and come forth? With the bottom so deep, I'll not be able to climb out. With the sides so narrow, I'll not be able to get a foothold. So the grave-digger made the grave shallower and widened the sides, and the old Jew was satisfied and returned home to die."

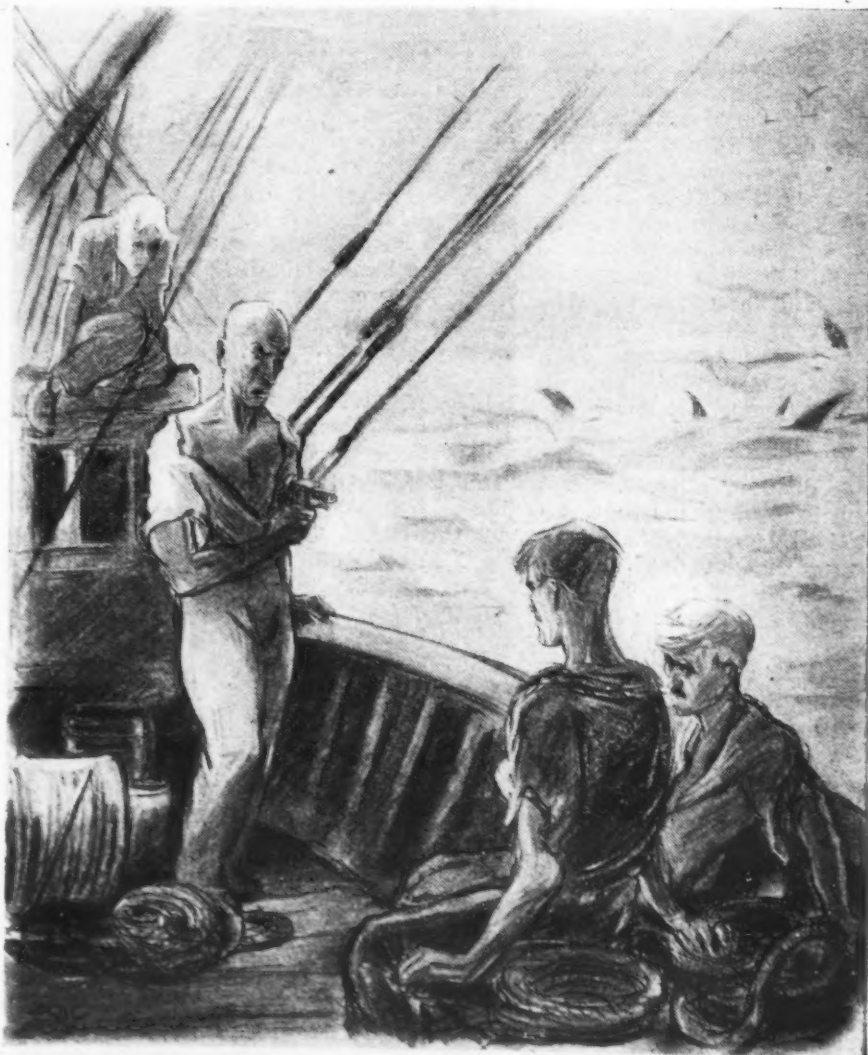
Cambreau paused and took breath.

"It's much the same way with the men here," he said. "Except for you, each of them lies in a grave that is too narrow and too deep. They can't get up and come out of it. The grave is humanness. They're steeped in it, each of them, and they can climb up only a little way but they can't get all the way out of it."

"And I can?" I asked.

"You have," he said.

(Continued on page 55)



His finger looked dangerously taut on the trigger



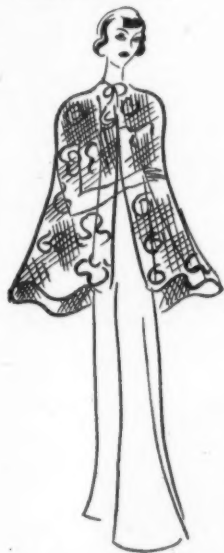
# Flash - - Fashions

By CONNIE DE PINNA

TAKE a piece of heavy black Spanish looking lace and cut it circular, and then go places, in fact go three different places in the evening.



First wear it as a mantilla over your head, with a bouffant white taffeta evening dress, this will suggest Vionnet's famous dress of this season. Then two unusual, though becoming ideas, would be to transform old dresses into something very new and glamorous, by wearing the circular lace as a cape over a bright red dress, and being more Spanish than ever, a lovely and graceful thing to do indoors or in



a restaurant, and divine for tropical evenings if you are going south this winter. The third thing to do is to wear it tied around your waist like a long peplum or tunic, it is better to do this over a plain black dress, taffeta, crepe or satin.

## It's Fun to Wear—

A mink belt.  
Eye veils with pictures of dogs and horses on them.  
Little close fitting velvet caps studded with gold nail heads.  
Gauze butterflies in your hair.  
Simply colossal fur gloves.  
Embroidered gauntlets, very Italian Renaissance.  
One curled ostrich plume on your head, prophetic of the coronation.

Evening helmets of feathers.  
A green Juliette cap.  
Evening sandals tied with ribbon.

## Theatre—

Never wear a spectacular bouffant dress. It will be crushed to nothing after the first intermission.

Never wear a trailing skirt to first nights. It will certainly be stepped on, as well as trip up a good part of the audience.

The best and smartest thing to wear is a tailored slim dinner dress with a little jacket and an ankle-length skirt.

## "Must dress" night clubs—

Be discreetly glamorous in lamé, in paillettes on net, in plain white bound with gold. Have gleaming shoulders for a low cut dress. Be as striking and lovely as possible, and when you leave, in the wee hours, cover your glamour with a full-length, demure, smooth, wool evening coat.

## Country sports events—

Never wear black. Wear wine, rust, dark green, all tones of brown. Blend in with the landscape, but add your own glow to the background of wintry trees, and be sure your tweeds are perfectly cut.

## Dinner At Home—

Wear a short-sleeved hostess gown in velvet, or some material too exotic to wear other places. Become smartly part of your own decorating scheme, in color and period.

## The little Restaurant Dinner—

Usually your escort does not want to dress. This is a good opportunity to wear the street length formal dress, very new with short sleeves, often a flame crepe top with a circular black skirt, or the pleated lamé skirt and smoothly gleaming blouse. Wear small draped hats.

## Cocktail parties, and "Let's go on"—

A short black dress of broadcloth with bright accessories.

## Things Struck off Our List—

People with fat round faces, who wear flowers in their hair.  
Hats with high feathers or crowns, worn in theatres.  
Department stores that advertise nightgowns that can be worn as hostess gowns.  
Badly made modern furniture.  
Napoleonic curtains in one-room apartments.  
Visiting celebrities from Hollywood, who make late entrances at first nights, and distract the audience.  
Sequin jackets before dark.  
Gin drinks after dark.

Velvet and ermine have joined the classics in formal women's fashions. Luxurious and beautiful, this combination is also practical, for it is correct over any type of evening gown—sophisticated or demure. This wrap may appeal alike to debutante or mature woman, and may be worn by either with assurance. The wrap is longer in the back than in the front, following princess lines. Its ermine collar runs the full length of the coat, tuxedo style. From Henri Bendel



Photograph: Forbath & Rejane

IVORY TIPS  
Protect the Lips

**Marlboro**  
MILD AS MAY  
A CIGARETTE CREATED BY PHILIP MORRIS





The founders of the Flora-Mir chain at the time they started the business

Miriam Burnstein, then an actress, discouraged with the hazards of a stage career, pawned her engagement ring

Flora Berman, a schoolteacher tired of pedagogy, whose home-made candy was proving to be "a better mouse-trap"

Jessie Shane, Miss Berman's sister, thought selling candy would provide a diversion. It turned out to be a career

## Success Story: Diamond ring and \$600 cash run up to business of million dollars a year in nine years of slave-driving effort by three women who found a career in their kitchen.

MIRIAM BURNSTEIN, a discouraged actress, pawned her engagement ring in 1927 to enter partnership with two sisters, Flora Berman and Mrs. Jessie Shane. Her fiance, Henry Nordhausen, scenic artist, was not angry, instead donated a discarded movie lobby display to decorate the new candy store. Today six stores of the chain, fashioned in the same medieval half-timber style of the first shop, sell a million dollars worth of candy a year. This, from the meagre beginnings of three hundred dollars apiece from two sisters and Miss Burnstein's engagement ring (which, pawned, brought three hundred dollars).

Factors in the success: the bosses drove themselves like slaves at the beginning, the candy is good, novel ideas in packaging are used.



The first production department. Miss Berman making candy on a decidedly retail scale, in 1927



The first store, decorated by Nordhausen with left-overs of a movie lobby



Today: A modern factory employing ninety people



Mrs. Nordhausen, nee Burnstein, heads sales and promotion, Miss Berman is chief executive, and Mrs. Shane heads buying and production


MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



# Is Your Name Here?

**B**ELOW is a list of surnames of some of the most distinguished American families. Our research staff, over a period of years, has completed preparation of manuscripts dealing with the history of each of these families. If your name is listed, you should have a copy of your manuscript. You will find it not only of keen interest, but a source of pride and satisfaction to yourself and your kin. At this season the suitability of such a manuscript as an unusual and thoughtful *Christmas Gift* especially recommends itself. Including those of relatives, how many of the names on your gift list appear below?

**EACH FAMILY HISTORY ~ \$2.00**



Each manuscript is a GENEALOGICAL and HISTORICAL sketch of the family from earliest times, showing its origin and growth, its place among the gentry in Great Britain or on the Continent, its part in the founding and development of America, and its achievements in this country. The derivation of the name itself is traced; family traits and characteristics are brought out; and genealogical data are set forth. Each history is a separate and distinct work painstakingly compiled from the most authentic sources. Bound as it is in an attractive cover, the manuscript may be filed among your family records or other important documents. It will serve as background material for your immediate family history and as a basis for the genealogy of future generations. Free, with each order, will also be sent a copy of "The Romance of Coats of Arms"—an illustrated booklet of special value to those interested in this fascinating subject.

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Abbott	Harry	Boss (e)	Carney	Crowell
Abell (l)	Bartholomew	Bowstick	Carpenter	Crosier
Abernathy	Bartlett	Bosworth	Carr	Crump
Abernethy	Barton	Bourne	Carrier	Cuibertson
Ackley	Bass	Bowen	Carroll	Culp—Kulp
Adair	Bassett	Bower (s)	Carter	Culver
Adams (s)	Batchelder	Bowie	Carver	Cummin (g)s
Adkins	Batchelor	Bowker	Cassell (l)	Cunningham
Agnew	Batcheller	Bowler	Castle	Curry—Currie
Aiken (s)	Bates	Bo (w) les	Cecil	Curtis
Ainaworth	Batten	Bowling	Chaffee	Cushing
Alden	Battle	Bowman	Chamberl (a) in	Cushman
Alderson	Batt (s)	Boye	Chambers	Cutter
Alexander	Bauer	Boyd	Champion	
Alford	Baugh	Boyer—Bowyer	Chandler	
Alger	Baxter	Boynton	Chapin	Dabney
Allen—Allan	Beach	Bradford	Chapman	Daggett
Allison	Beauchamp	Bradley	Chappell	Daiton
Alston	Beal (e) —Beall	Brady	Charles	Dana
Alvord	Bean	Bragg	Chase	Daniel (s)
Amber	Bear	Brainerd	Chester	Dan (n)
Amrose	Beardsley	Brainerd	Chew	Darby
Ames	Beaton	Bray	Child (s)	Darling
Anderson	Beatty—Beattie	Brewer	Chiles	Daugherty
Andrews	Beck	Brewster	Chisholm	Davenport
Angel (l)	Becker	Brice—Bryce	Church	David (s)
Anthony	Beckwith	Briggs	Churchill	Davidson
Appleby	Beche	Bright	Clark (e)	Davies
Appleton	Becher	Brock	Clement (s)	Davis
Armitage	Beer (s)	Brooks	Clemens	Dawson
Armstrong	Belcher	Brough	Clem (m) ons	Day
Arndt	Belden	Broughton	Cleveland	Deal
Arnold	Bell	Brown (e)	Clinton	Dean (e)
Arthur	Bellamy	Browning	Close	Decker (t)
Asby	Bellingher	Brownlee	Coat (e) s	Delan (e) y
Ash (e)	Bellows	Brownlow	Cobb	Dell
Ashley	Benedict	Bruce	Cochran (e)	Dennis
Ashton	Benjamin	Brush	Cody	Den (n) ison
Atchison	Benn	Bryan (t)	Coffey	Dent
Atcherson	Rennett	Buchanan	Coffey—Coffee	Derby
Atkins	Renson—Bensen	Buck	Coffin	Dewey
Atkinson	Bent	Buckingham	Co (l) burn	DeWitt
Atwater	Bentley	Bullard	Colby	DeWol (f) e
Atwell	Benton	Bunker	Cole	Dexter
Atwood	Bergen—Bergin	Bunn	Col (e) man	Dick (e)
Austin	Bernard	Burchard	Collins	Diekens
Avery	Herry	Burgess	Colley	Dickinson
Axtell	Bertram	Burlingame	Colt	Diehl
Ayers—Ayres	Betts	Burnett	Colvin	Dill
Babbitt	Bevan (s)	Burnham	Compton	Dismore
Babcock	Beverl (e) y	Burns	Conant	Dixon—Dickson
Bacon	Beyer	Burr	Conkin (g)	Doan (e)
Badger	Bickford	Burrell—Burrill	Conley	Dodd
Bagley	Biddle	Burroughs	Connelly	Dodge
Bailey	Bidwell	Burrows	Connolly	Dodson
Baird	Billings	Burton	Connor—Conner	Doggett
Baker	Bingham	Burwell	Conway	Dole
Balch	Bishop	Bush	Cook (e)	Donaldson
Balcom	Black	Bushnell	Cooley	Dorr—Dore
Baldwin	Blackburn	Butler	Co (o) mbs	Dotson
Ball	Blackstone	Butterfield	Cooper	Do (u) gherty
Ballard	Blackwell	Butt (s)	Cordell	Douglas (s)
Ballingier	Blain (e)	Byer	Cor (e) y	Down
Ballengier	Blair	Byrum—Byram	Courtney	Dowd—Doud
Ballou	Blake	Cade	Cousins	Downing
Bancroft	Blakey	Cady	Covert	Doyle
Bangs	Blanchard	Cady	Cowden	Drake
Banks	Blam	Cahill	Cowles	Draper
Banta	Bliss	Cain (e)	Cox	Drummond
Barber—Barbour	Blodgett	Calhoun	Craig	Drury—Drewry
Barclay	Blood	Callahan	Crane—Crain	Dryden
Bard	Blossom	Callender	Crane	Dudley
Barfield	Bl (o) unt	Calvert	Crawford	Duke (s)
Barlow	Blue	Cameron	Crocker	Duncan
Barnard	Wly (e) —Bligh	Campbell	Crockett	Dunham
Barnes	Boardman	Camp (e)	Cromwell	Dunn (e)
Barnum	Boggs	Canfield	Crosby	Durfee
Barr	Bolton	Cannon	Cross	Dutton
Barney	Bond	Candler	Crossman	Duval (l)
Barrett	Bonney	Car (e) y	Crow	Dye
Bar (r) ion	Boone	Car (e) y	Crowder	Dyer
Barrow (s)	Booth (e)	Carlie		Eames
	Borken	Carnes (s)		Eastman

Eaton	Gray—Grey	Hurst	Ludlow	Mosk(e)ley
Eddy	Green (e)	Hutchin(g)s	Luther	Myer (s)
Edgerton	Greenwood	Hutcher(n)son	Lyle(s)	Moulton
Edmonds	Greer—Grier	Hutton	Lyman	Mowr(e)y
Edmonds	Griffin	Hyde	Lynch	Munson
Edmonds	Griffith	Hynes	Lynn(e)	Monson
Edmond(d)son	Grinnell	Ligersoll	Lyon	Murray
Edwards	Griswold	Ingra(ha)m	Macaulay	Nagel—Nagle
Eldridge	Grover	Irvin(e)	Macaulay	Nance
Eldridge	Grove(s)	Irwin	M(a)cDonald	Nash
Elliot(t)	Grubb(s)	Jack(s)	M(a)cDougall	Nash
Ellis	Gurney	Jackson	M(a)cFarland	Neal(e), Neil(e)
Ellsworth	Guthrie	Ja(c)ques	M(a)cFarlane	Nesbit
Elmer	Haimes—Gwinn	James	M(a)cGregor	Nevins
Elmore	Hacker	Jarvis	M(a)cKays	Neville
Ely	Haddock	Jeffrey—Jeffery	M(a)cKenzie	Newberry
Emerson	Hadley	Jeffries	M(a)cLean	Newcomb
Emery	Hager	Jenkins	M(a)cLeod	Newell
Emmett	Haggard	Jennings	M(a)cMahor	Newland
Endicott	Haines	Jewell	M(a)cMurray	Newman
Ensign	Hale	Jewett	M(a)cPherson	Newton
Erskine	Haley	John(s)	M(a)cRae	Nicholas
Estes	Hall	Johnson	Magee	Nicholson
Eubank	Hallowell	Holmes	Magill	Niles
Evans	Halsey	Jordan	Maguire	Nisbet
Everett—Everitt	Halste(a)d	Joy	Malcolm	Noble
Ewing	Hamilton	Joyce	Mann	Nolan
Fairchild	Hamlin	Judd	Manning	Norris
Farrell	Hampton	Julian	Maples	North
Faulkner	Hancock	Kane—Kain(e)	Mar(a)ble	Northrup
Fell	Hand	Kearney	Markham	Northrup
Fenn	Han(d)ley	Keeler	Mark(s)	Norton
Penton	Hank(e)s	Keen(e)	Marley	Oakes
Ferguson	Hardin—Harden	Keane(e)	Marsh	Ogden
Ferrell	Harding	Keith	Marshall	Oglesby
Ferris—Farris	Hardy—Hardie	Keller—Kellar	Marston	Ogline
Field	Haring	Kell(e)y	Matheson	Oglesby
Finney	Harmon	Keeling	Marvin	Olin
Fish	Harman	Kemp	Mason	Olin
Fisher	Harper	Kendall	Masters	Oliver
Fitzgerald	Harrington	Kendrick	Masterson	Olmste(a)d
Fitzpatrick	Harris	Kennard	Mather	O'Neill(l)
Flagg	Harrison	Kennedy	Mat(t)hews	Osborn(e)
Flem(m)ing	Hart	Kenner	Maxwell	Owen(s)
Fletcher	Hartley	Kenn(e)y	May	Owen(s)
Flint	Harvey	Kent	Mayer	Page
Flood	Harwood	Kent(s)	Mayhew	Paige—Paige
Flower(s)	Haskins	Kerr	McAdam(s)	Pain(e)
Floyd	Hastings	Ketchum	McAllister	Painter
Flynn—Flynn	Hatfield	Ketchum	McCall	
Foley	Hathaway	Key(e)s	McCall(h)y	
Folsom	Hawkins	Kimball	McClain	
Foote	Hawk(a)	Kimble	McChure	
Forbes	Hayden	King	McCormack	
For	Hayes—Hay(s)	Kingsbury	McCormick	
For(e)man	Haynes	Kinney	McCune	
Forrest	Hayward	Kirby—Kerby	McEwen	
Forayth(e)	Haz(z)ard	Kirk	McEwan	
Fort(e)	Heal(e)y	Kirkland	McDaniel(s)	
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Fox	Hedge(s)	Knight	McGee	
Francis	Henderson	Knott	McGill	
Frank(e)	Henkel—Henkle	Knowles	McGinnis	
Franklin	Henry	Knowlton	McGowan	
Frans(t)ler	Herbert	Knox	McGowen	
Fraser	Herman	Kolb	McGuire	
Fred(e)rick	Herrick	Kyle	McIntosh	
Freeman	Her(r)ing	Ladd	McIntyre	
French	Herrington	Lacy—Lacey	McIntire	
Fritts—Fritts	Her(r)on	Lake	McKean	
Frost	Himes	Lamb	McKee	
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Sage	Stirling	Turnbull	Willis
St. John	Stetson	Turner	Willoughby
Salisbury	Stevens	Turney	Wills
Salter	Stephens	Tuttle-Tuthill	Wilson
Sam (p) son	Stevenson	Tyler	Winchester
Sanborn	Stephenson	Tyrron	Windsor
Sanderson	Stewart	Underhill	Wing
Sanford	Stickney	Underhill	Winn (e)
Sargent	Stiles	Underwood	Winslow
Sa (u) nders	Stillman	Upham	Winston
Savage	Stil (l) well	Upton	Winter
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Scovill (e)	Stowell	Wade	Woodward
Sears	Strange	Wadsworth	Woodworth
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Seel (e) y	Street	Wag (g) oner	Woolsey
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Sellers	Strickland	Waite	Worthington
Semple	Strong	Wakfield	Wray
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# Brief Book Digests

## Mainland—the Story of America

For ten per cent of the gross profit, Columbus sailed from Palos on August 3, 1492, and the decisive enterprise of modern history began. But what America means, and can mean in the world—that America, the discovery of which altered the course of history, destroyed the equilibrium of Europe, and by giving vital energy to the emerging capitalist system, created the modern world—is what Gilbert Seldes describes in the 429 pages of "Mainland" (Scribners, \$3.00).

His conclusions are a startling challenge: We have discovered the methods of supplying enough food and clothes and houses and sanitation and enjoyments and leisure to all our citizens; simultaneously we have discovered that not to supply these things may wreck not only the going concern of finance and industry, but our social democracy and the free way in which we live as well. Why can't our leaders make up their minds?

The book is divided into four general divisions:

First, Countercharge: That the intellectual attack upon America has been ill-natured or ignorant. Those who cried that America was hostile to Art should remember that she did not construct a slave society in order to give a refined social and literary life to a few hundred families. The objects of art which the Americans admire in Europe were produced under a regime of political or economic slavery. The American who yearns for the beauties of Europe has to decide whether he is willing to pay the price they cost; and the American who deplores the ugliness of America has to be very sure that ugliness isn't part of the price we pay at the beginning, for liberty.

Even to those critics of the American movie who say that the happy ending is infantile and the great falsification of life, Mr. Seldes replies: Isn't it possible that the happy ending is precisely the contribution which America has made to the world?

Second, The Event: Can the meaning of America be that here for the first time came the exploitation of a country instead of the exploitation of the human race, the use of things instead of people, conquest by the hand of man, and not by the force of arms?

Third, The Straight Line: The coming struggle for American independence from the Fascist and Communist systems. Mr. Seldes believes that a democratic, pluralistic, experimental society is the natural objective of Americans; that the American is co-operative and expects the minority to yield to the majority, but has never entertained the idea that the majority is privileged to destroy the minority. That is an importation from Europe and the struggle against it is the struggle of American independence. Our history not only rejects the idea of a single in-

evitable way for us to take, but actually suggests that if we take the wrong road we will not necessarily be ruined, and if we take the right road it will not lead us to our ultimate solution of any perfect state. Whereas Hitler announces that Nazism is the fixed form for Germany for the next thousand years, and Marxians suggest that the Dictatorship of the Proletariat is a transition to the classless society, and imply that with the classless society the motive power for social change must die out and Communism in its perfection must remain the form of society forever.

Fourth, The Huntsmen Are Up in America: The three fundamental requirements of the average American citizen are—national independence (if we lose our opportunity of supplying goods to backward countries, we are also relieved of the necessity of going to war for this commercial privilege); civil freedom, and private prosperity. These last two are found together and must be organized so that one does not conflict with the other. Around them revolves a choice Americans may be called upon to make—a choice between social security and the right to accumulate wealth. *The problem of putting an end to insecurity without at the same time putting an end to enterprise has yet to be solved.*

## Modern Olympus

There is a people inebriate of grape and jasmine scent, of rose and violet, of orange blossoms and mimosa—progenitors of the Troubadors—the Provençals. Helena Maxwell discovers them and expatiates on their qualities in her new book, "Beyond the Riviera." (Scribners, 195 pages, 19 woodcuts, \$3.00.)

The Provençals are mellowed by the sun and wine, and Miss Maxwell finds they are "almost as gay in their troubles as in their pleasures." The colors and scents of endless grapevines and jasmine fields, which we catch only in some autumn fabric of tiny bottle, fill the atmosphere with ecstasy. Greek traders planted the plum and olive trees, the Romans built the road. Over it come foreigners from everywhere. A Provencal poet said: "Horrible race—the men of the north—breathless, they envy the grain, the oil, the wine, the divine kisses of our girls . . ." Out of the fog, the whirling snow, or the endless seeping rain, they come, famished for the sun.

Women throughout the world know the Provencal city of Grasse as the home of their perfume. It is a medieval city with almost no wheeled traffic, its air full of the scent of decaying roses. In the factories a pretty girl explains with charm the processes of distillation. Some flowers, like the tuberose and jasmine, are placed on glass trays coated with a mixture of pork and beef fat; every morning the flowers are removed and fresh ones placed. This continues for perhaps a month, or until the fat

is perfumed. The basis of the finest eau de cologne is essence of orange blossoms, called neroli. Nine hundred kilograms of orange blossoms are needed to make one liter of neroli.

The flowering of the jasmine is a miracle. At six o'clock in the evening a garden is still green. The plants are sprinkled. Then quite suddenly an hour later the little white star-like flowers begin to open. In the space of ten or fifteen minutes, as if some signal had been given, the garden turns white.

Back of Grasse arid mountains rise: stones bleached white in the sun suggest old bones. This part of Provence is so Alpine it is hard to realize that roulette wheels turn only sixty kilometers away.

For those who would imagine themselves in a Paradise of the senses the descriptive chapters of Miss Maxwell's book will serve as a passport. The historical and archeological chapters are informative but not so exciting.

## "Night Outlasts the Whippoorwill"

By Sterling North (Macmillan, \$2.50), is a novel employing the same theme which Robert Sherwood's "Idiot's Delight" makes so entertaining and arresting—the values of war versus science. Mr. North, however, uses the World War, instead of the Next War. One of the characters, a disillusioned newspaper editor, says in an imaginary conversation he holds with a son he has long lost: "You are outgrowing the tin soldier stage, and let me be certain you will never relapse into its infantile concepts of the heroic. The time has come to distinguish between Newton and Nelson, Shakespeare and Attila."

The story is a cross-section of a Southern-Wisconsin village under the tense emotional pressure of the war years. But it is written more from a reflective point of view than from that of the actual period. So that the most effective writing comes when, with gentle irony, the author describes the loss of proportion which war hysteria causes. The townspeople burn a German pastor's library because he preached a funeral in his native tongue. For awhile he looked on with some humor, but then, at last they throw on the fire "Johann Wolfgang von Goethe and simultaneously librettos and scores from the music cabinet, operas, symphonies and chamber music from Bach to Wagner." As these went up in one tremendous burst of living flame the gorge rose in Pastor Schifflbein's throat.

Who were the barbarians now?

"I have fought against it," he thought, "but perhaps it is true. Possibly the blind will to power does rule the world. A power wholly for evil!"

The sensuous parts of the book are well done. Indeed, Mr. North, like a character he describes, is "incredibly alive to everything about him, as though he were seeing the world for the last time."



# Movie Stuff and Stuffings

WHEN the fade-out came on the climatical sick-bed scene with Mr. Freddie Bartholomew seemingly about to pass into the land from which no actor returns, and Mr. Mickey Rooney and Mr. Jackie Cooper assuring Mr. Bartholomew that double pneumonia now justified his being admitted into the gang's hideout, there were nose-blasts and sniffings clear up to the projection box. That scene in M. G. M.'s "The Devil Is a Sissy" didn't leave a dry eye in the house. Even your hard-boiled correspondent took his hair down. We wept unashamedly with the best of the bawlers the Capitol had to offer. And we've seen 'em weep. In lachrymal masterpieces like "Over the Hill" or "The Magnificent Obsession" the human sprinkler system threatened to engulf at least a dozen neighborhoods and rival the Johnstown flood. But despite this watery carnival that Mr. W. S. Van Dyke's drama provided the film was nevertheless heralded, much to our amazement, the following morning by celebrated gentlemen of the press as comparable to Mr. Kingley's "Dead End," and as a serious social document treating the problem of juvenile crime in a big city. It is true that the locale of the film is New York's tough lower East Side; it is true that Mr. Rooney and Mr. Cooper are portrayed hocking bananas from a fruit wagon with a degree of ease that would rival a slick purse-snatcher in a Times Square rush-hour; it is likewise true that for a brief moment a scene in the Domestic Relations Court, wherein the boys are arraigned on a charge of robbery, hints episodically at the concealed tragedy and problem of gangs and gangsters among the city's young. But each scene is soft-soaped by Mr. Bartholomew's English charm, by a kindly judge whose solution is that it is much more difficult to go straight than crooked, and by an atmosphere of sentimentality and cuteness that pervades the entire film. "The Devil Is a Sissy" is a serious study of absolutely nothing, including the physical effects of double pneumonia. What it is, is what Mr. W. S. Van Dyke's more popular films are—an expertly directed melodrama, contrived with naturalism and ease, depending for most of its effects upon the mush in everyone's heart, threaded with a few genuine and intriguing insights into child psychology, neatly spaced with laughs, and lifted by a superb performance by young Mickey Rooney as the Gig Stephens who needed

eighty bucks for a tombstone with angels on it, and went out to steal eighty bucks because that's the only way to get eighty bucks on the lower East Side. But what is genuine and fresh in the film (Gig's old man, a blustering legionnaire, the hitches on trolleys and trucks, the emotional truth of the kids) is quickly and effectively dispersed in a gangster chase, a rainy night in which Mr. Bartholomew saves his pals and gets himself an attack of double pneumonia, and that sick-bed finale with our two potential gunmen winding up converted by Mr. Bartholomew's fever and Eton playing-field brand of heroism. Thus, the whole problem of juvenile delinquency, if we grant that Mr. Van Dyke had any original intention of dealing seriously with it, is wiped out by a falling thermometer.

... Will the waitress who became a musical comedy star wed the prizefighter who said she was a cluck, O America? Yes, the waitress will marry the prizefighter if the prizefighter is Clark Gable, and the waitress is Marion Davies, and the producers are Cosmopolitan, and the film is "Cain and Mabel." But, Oh, the complications before that, and Oh, the museum gags, and Oh, the pork chop that brought love into their life, and Oh, the big championship bout with Mr. Gable as Larry Cain, socking all his dough on the fight to win and retire to a Jersey garage, and Oh, the news-sheets telling the champ his light of love, his dimpled darling, his big-time baby, none other, folks, than Mabel O'Dare, starring in "Words and Music," is going to put the wedding bells on with the leading man of the company, a tenor, no less, and out goes the champ a roaring demon, a maniac, a killer, while in the dressing room our Mabel discovers all, Oh, her heavyweight honey loves her after all, and there it is the eighth round, and the show must go on, but the hell with that, here comes love on horseback, so gangway, and out goes our Mabel, Larry, Larry, it's me, your little Mabel, our publicity man put that nasty story in the papers about us, now we can move to Jersey after all, and Larry the champ says, why the dirty, but just at that moment the challenger sees an opening and lets him have it, and Dodo, his second, gets so hopped up with excitement he chucks the towel in by mistake, and there goes the championship, O, O, O! Ah, yes, the fight bet is lost, but, ah, no, the dough's on its way back, for our

little Mabel (O kind fate that watches over us!) has switched her wad to the contender—she had been so boiled up at the double-crossing champ, so she thought—and now our doughty darling, our providential precious, can quit her tap-dancing routines and our champ hang up the gloves, and they can move out to Jersey with that Socony Oil pump in front and the cottage and roses in the rear, and the audience can stay home and play pinochle any night, rain or clear, any neighborhood movie house is double-billing anything with a lulu, a lovey, a lollapaluza called "Cain and Mabel."

As if that were not enough, the Warner Brothers-Cosmopolitan touch of artistry cracks down with loud, unusually boring magnificence. Over, across and above the Grand Canal in Venice angels flutter, whole dancing floors part as if by magic, and height-of-fashion nuns rise up into the air (dragging white columns behind them) to form a huge triple-decker organ. In the "Songs of Love" sequence, Miss Davies appears in a wedding gown with a Medici head-dress that has a three-foot wing spread. By all odds, enough.

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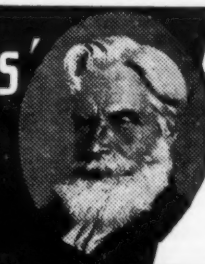
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Away back in the days when the drama was being restored in England and when ladies wore hooped, ruffled gowns and men straight-jacketed themselves into clothes, lived a man named Boswell who thought that everything a man named Johnson did was all right. Now this Samuel Johnson did something about making our language a permanent thing. After him, to continue the genealogy, rose a man named Noah Webster, and he did something toward giving the English language a form of permanency. Now along comes a man yclept Budd's Stoopnagle, who insists upon carrying on the tradition of lexicography in the radio. Just to help the folks who sometimes ask, "Why?" This able commentator on American life, who can't seem to make sense out of the meaningful things all around him because his eyes see everything in absurdity, becomes an historical figure now in another field aside from silliness—defining radio terms. Here they are, offered with an altruistic spirit:

**Program:**—Music or talk designed to fill space between station announcements and time signals.

**Sponsor:**—A man without whom you aren't on the air.

**Script:**—Typewritten sheets which Fred Allen is funniest when he departs from them.

**Announcer:**—Fellow with a nice voice who talks about stuff he hopes you will buy some of.

**Stooge:**—Man or woman who is given funny things to say and then thinks he or she is a comedian.

**Microphone:**—Thing you talk into and they hear you where you aren't.

**Orchestra:**—Bunch of men who, on a comedy program, play after the applause by the studio audience.

**Rehearsal:**—Four or five hours of stuff when the comedian's manager, press agent and friends almost die laughing at the jokes.

Which leads to this: if you have a lot of laughter in you check the mid-week with Wednesday for that stimulation with Fannie Brice, Fred Allen, and Gracie and Georgie Burns. And, of course, for Sunday evening there is that host of novel-ribbers and historical-figure-hecklers like Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, Phil Baker and Joe Penner, aside from Colonel (Budd's) Stoopnagle.

Although he always won the girl and as a tough guy he never seemed to be phased, it comes out now in his radio work: Clark Gable's artistic desires. When he signed up with the Camel Caravan for his remaining radio appearances, which is limited to five altogether, he reserved the right to select the stories.

"There are a lot of things I never will be able to do in pictures," he said, "I'd like to play George Washington in Maxwell Anderson's 'Valley Forge' on the radio."

The dismayed confreres said that was no rôle for the great American lover. George Washington was statesmanlike, not romantic. But Gable's historical leanings and fondness for the revolutionary leader made him insist. Last week he was George Washington.

## For Radio Fans Only...

When that taffy-colored boy with the implacable face, Joe Louis, shuffled before the microphone at a Jersey City high school to ray-ray for Roosevelt, he could not emulate his song and dance predecessor, Maxie Baer, who said rockingly, "That guy packs paralyzing power in his arms." Instead, the serene looking giant of the ring, swayed shyly, then uttered, "I wish I could talk as loud as I can punch." Nevertheless, radio sponsors who are thinking of starring the Bomber need not dismay. He might be able to punch out a powerful torch song on a bag, which may massage the ears as pleasantly as the remarkable taps of Eleanor Powell or a drummer.

If you are thinking of emulating Stoopnagle as a knower of definitions, you can do so by attending the "Professor Quiz and His Brainbuster" hour over CBS from 7:00 to 7:30 on Sundays EST. And it's \$25 in the bag for you if you answer point-blank questions within ten seconds. To the question to a blushing Washington deb who was one of the six volunteers called for, "What is an escalator?" she replied, "A machine for making babies."

Some time ago in a conversation

with Westbrook Pegler, the portrayer of slug-nutty pugs and race track touts and Broadway grafters, Damon Runyon, said, "I would never shoot me no deer. But ducks though! I'll shoot ducks. I hate ducks." Wonder: could he have had anything to do with the losing of Joe Penner's duck? Now he is the slap-happy black sheep of a Park Avenue family who tugs at the sympathy and laughter emotions.

When Fred Allen celebrated his fourth anniversary over the air last Tuesday he remarked on his success. "I am fairly content. All I hope is my relatives never find out what I'm doing. They're so proud of me. They think I'm first violinist in a prison band."

**Boost:**—Rudy Vallee for presenting some of the best rounded programs on the air. On his seventh anniversary program the soft-voiced maestro vivified the currents with Noel Coward, Gypsy Rose Lee, Howard and Shelton, and Gertrude Lawrence in an original play "The Clock Strikes." Although plans had been made to present Sinclair Lewis' "It Can't Happen Here," radio executives shied away from the subversive notions supposedly contained

in the anti-Fascist book. The author was granted an interview but did not appear.

The sponsors of radio's symphonic music who are striving to make this season microphonically memorable.

Idea for some enterprising sponsor: Arrange the battle of the century via air between Father Coughlin and the Boston newspaper slugger, John Barry.

With the football season in full swing alumni from various universities probably lounge in their easy chairs, away from home, with bright banners before them for color, and root for dear old mater. So do radio stars cheer feverishly on a Saturday afternoon and the broadcasting stations give mute testimony to their gridiron devotions. Notre Dame has the largest alumni squad of people who had never attended the school. They have Walter O'Keefe and Charles Butterworth, among the many, who throw arm-chair forward passes and sustain injuries and block and run and tackle. Strong feelings of identity these men have... Lanny Ross and Rudy Vallee pledge allegiance to Yale, but Vallee sings a duet to himself whenever Yale plays the University of Maine... Jack Benny cheers for the team he collected on the week before... For those who haven't time, nor the patience, to listen in, Ted Husing might be informative during his "Sport-cast" over CBS on Saturdays from 7:15 to 7:30 p. m., EST.

The "American School of the Air" is to be commended for presenting Stephen Vincent Benet, American poet, on its weekly literature programs for high school students on Tuesdays from 2:15 to 2:45, EST. Others who will be heard at intervals include Whit Burnett, editor of "Story" magazine; Lew Saret, interpreter of Indian poetry; and Harold S. Latham, well-known publisher. Also to be presented during these courses will be a series of eight dramatizations of Shakespearean plays.

Forthcoming broadcasts: Phil Spitalny and his all-girl band to the radio spotlight Monday, Nov. 2, 4:00 p. m., EST... The Smith Brother's Melody Matinee on Nov. 15 from 1:30 to 2:00 p. m., EST, with Muriel Dickson, soprano; Morton Bowe, tenor; the Cavaliers quartet; and Victor Arden's orchestra. Baron Munchausen returns to NBC and "Sharlie" will be there too on Nov. 9, from 9:30 to 10:00 p. m., EST.

... Paul Whiteman and his Woodbury Musical Varieties will resume activities on Sunday, Nov. 8, over NBC at 9:15 p. m. The King of Jazz brings with his repertoire Frank Parker, Judy Canova and her brother Zeke, Ramona and the King's Men among others... Fifteen countries from all parts of the world will unite in a round-the-world salute to NBC on her tenth anniversary, Nov. 15.

—Samuel Ross



"Poor Henry, he gets discouraged so easily"





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It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

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Many people who *should* be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the \$25, \$50 and \$100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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## Not Too Narrow . . . Not Too Deep

(Continued from page 48)

The evening of the fourteenth day, we reached Santiago de Cuba. There was an indefinable thrill seeing a destination come out of the smoky rise of distant land. And then, as darkness fell, the lights came up and twinkled and put the stars to shame.

We docked in a basin where there were a lot of other schooners, open boats and fishing smacks. Each had its own slip and after we furled our sails we used the engine to put our nose into a vacant slip ourselves. A dark-skinned man came up to the dock where our prow touched and grinned toothily and said: "Hello there. Make fast and then you can come and register." He spoke Spanish.

After we had made fast, I took Telez to the small box-house headquarters where the dark-skinned man sat down with a pen in his hand. "Name of the ship?"

"Albatross," I said.

"Rig?"

"Schooner."

"Owner?" he asked.

"Well—" I began.

He glanced up and frowned. "Yes?"

"Philip LaSalle," I said.

"Philip LaSalle," he said repeating.

"Home port?"

"Port of Spain, Trinidad," I said.

"Very good," he said. "How long do you expect to be berthed here?"

"Perhaps a day or two," I said.

"Very good," he grinned again and nodded his head as he spoke. "The charge for the slip is twenty cents a day. That includes water."

"That will be fine," I said.

"Sign here, if you please."

I took the pen and signed the registration card. Then he took it and filed it in his cabinet. "Americano?" he asked. "Are you an American?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Yusted?" he asked Telez.

"He's Spanish," I said. "Español."

"Ah," said the registrar. "Is that so? You are sailing for the sport no doubt?"

"Yes," I said. "For the sport."

"Did you cross from Spain?"

"Oh well," I said evasively, "we've been sailing just about everywhere."

"Listen," Telez interrupted, "perhaps you can help me, *senor*. I have a cousin in Santiago. Pedro Domínez de la Salinas."

"I don't know him," said the registrar.

"He lives on Calle de Angeles," Telez said. "Can you tell me how I get there?"

The registrar could and did. When he had finished, Telez turned to me abruptly and said: "Goodbye." Then he started to walk off.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Don't walk off like that. When will you be back?"

"I'm not coming back," he said.

"What?"

"I'm not coming back. I'm going to stay here. I may as well. When I get more money I'll go back home. Until I get it, I'll stay with my cousin. He'll take care of me."

"You won't be back at all?"

"No," Telez said. "I've had enough." He walked off without another word and disappeared, leaving me disappointed and flabbergasted.

I went back to the registrar who showed an annoying inclination to be curious. I stopped him by arranging to have the water tanks and the gasoline tanks filled. When that was done, I went back to the boat.

Weiner and DuFond showed no real desire to leave, despite the fact that they had been on the sea for fourteen days. Later, however, they went off talking together in a comradely fashion which had been foreign to them before. They promised to return within a couple of hours to spend the night on board. Flaubert stayed in the cabin. Pennington sat up on deck with Cambreau. I joined them and asked: "Where's Benet?"

"Oh," Pennington said, "he sneaked out right after we landed."

"He did?" I felt nervous.

"Yes, while you and Telez were up with that fellow. What was all that anyway?"

"I had to register the boat," I replied. "It's in my name. Is that all right?"

"Of course. Where did Telez go?"

"He went to see his cousin. He isn't coming back. You shouldn't have let Benet leave."

Pennington looked surprised. "Telez—you mean he's through with the schooner?"

I nodded.

"He's finished his escape. He's here safe and sound."

"That's rather abrupt," Pennington said, somewhat sadly. "I mean—he might have said goodbye or something—as long as he's not coming back."

I shrugged. "Well, he didn't." Then I chuckled and glanced at Cambreau. "Probably he avoided us because he still considers you a minion of the nether regions."

Cambreau laughed.

"Just the same," Pennington said, "he might have said goodbye."

A smile crept across Cambreau's lips. "Jesus will come back," he said. "He'll come back tonight."

"I hope so," Pennington sighed. "I'd like to say goodbye to him."

"I wish Benet were here," I said soberly.

We sat without speaking for a while. Some one on one of the boats was strumming a guitar and singing throatily in Spanish. The slips had a smell of fish around them. It wasn't a particularly clean waterfront. Every now and then a block of light reflected from one of the other boats illuminated the water and we'd see patches of garbage, fruit skins or a dead fish or two float past.

"Is either of you going into town tonight?" I asked finally.

"Not I," Pennington replied.

Cambreau shook his head.

I sighed and got up. "I think I will," I said. "I feel like walking. I'll try to find Benet and bring him back. He shouldn't be out alone."

(Continued next week)

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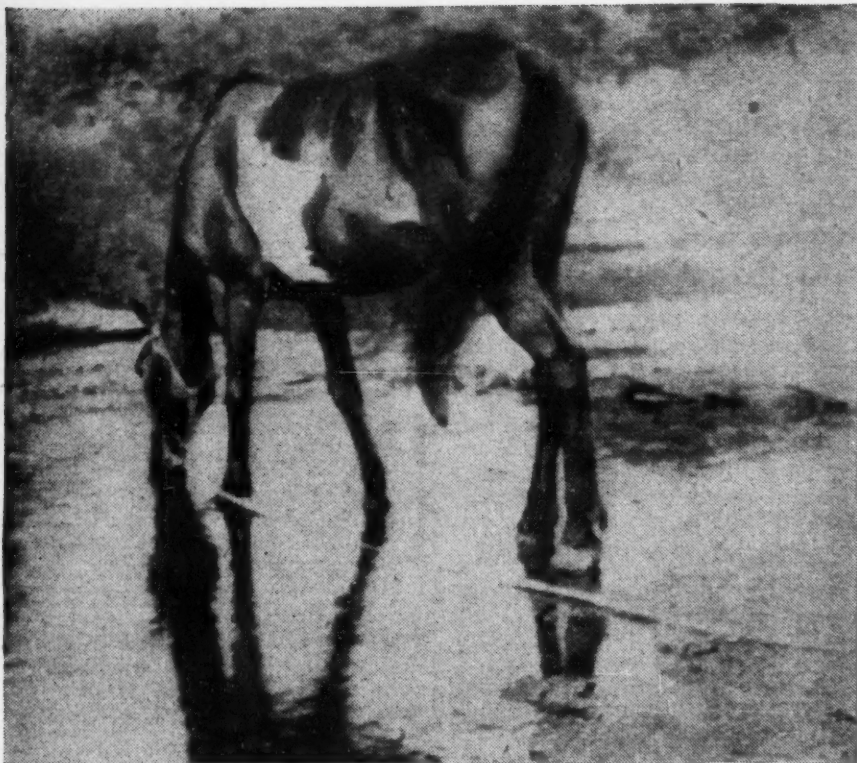
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# Fotos to the Editor . . . . .



Dear Editor:

Here is a picture of a horse that I took while out in the country. I notice in your magazine that there are very few pictures of horses. Why? A horse is man's best friend. Stoically laboring away day after day doing all of man's hard work. Before the automobile came horses were very important in our social system. Should we completely forget a very faithful servant this way because somebody invented a machine? I am disgusted.

Arthur Li Greci,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Dear Editor:

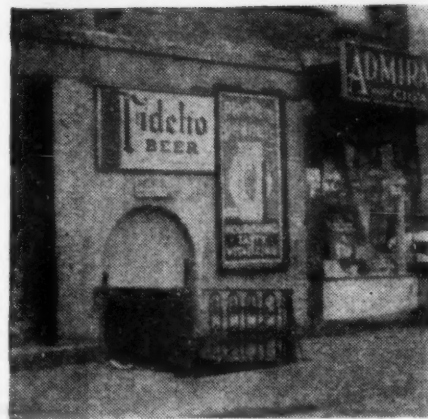
I'm sorry to be a chronic kicker. I kicked last week about the hack signs, remember me? This week I got another gripe. See these guys around my cab. They're listening to the football returns on my cab radio. With them standing around do you think anybody could break through to hire my machine or would even want to disturb these guys? Alright, so do you think anybody out of around thirty people who listened in thought enough of the fact that the cab is my living to show their appreciation the only way appreciation should be showed in this case, by handing me a quarter, say, or even a dime? Exactly four people gave me enough to total a dollar and five cents. What a bunch of moochers!

Jake Hecht,  
Bronx, New York

Dear Editor:

It takes a little squinting to see that in the center of this picture there is a sign reading "Post No Bills." That, unfortunately, is my job. I must locate places on which to paste bills. Bills, as you know, are not signs. The beer and the peanut signs here are framed and do not violate the law. But what seems unfair is that a wall already disfigured by signs should be kept from bills. I would not for a moment mar the beauty of a clean wall or a lovely barn, but when a mess like this is forbidden us we have little place else to go.

Kenneth Armand,  
Newark, N. J.



Dear Editor:

This may be classified as a "cute" picture, I suppose, and you will print it because your readers will laugh at it. But I am putting in my objection to this sort of thing—strenuously. In New York City, I understand, dogs are compelled to use the gutter or else their owners are subject to a fine. This same law should extend across the continent. Please keep in mind that I am a lover of dogs.

Margery Ascott,  
St. Louis.

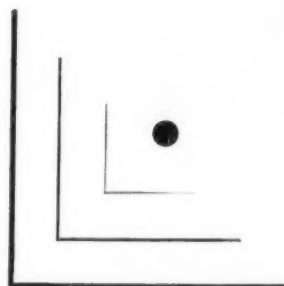


Dear Editor:

I am a mother. If you are a father you will understand how I felt when I saw this maid pushing a baby carriage with her hands off the guide rod. She is throwing a pillow playfully at the child. But do you realize the danger here of the carriage following the incline of the street? Note the proximity of automobiles. I suppose the mother of this child is either playing bridge or is a new-fangled feminist in the business world. Mothers should take care of their own children.

Mrs. Harriet Cloud,  
Washington, D. C.





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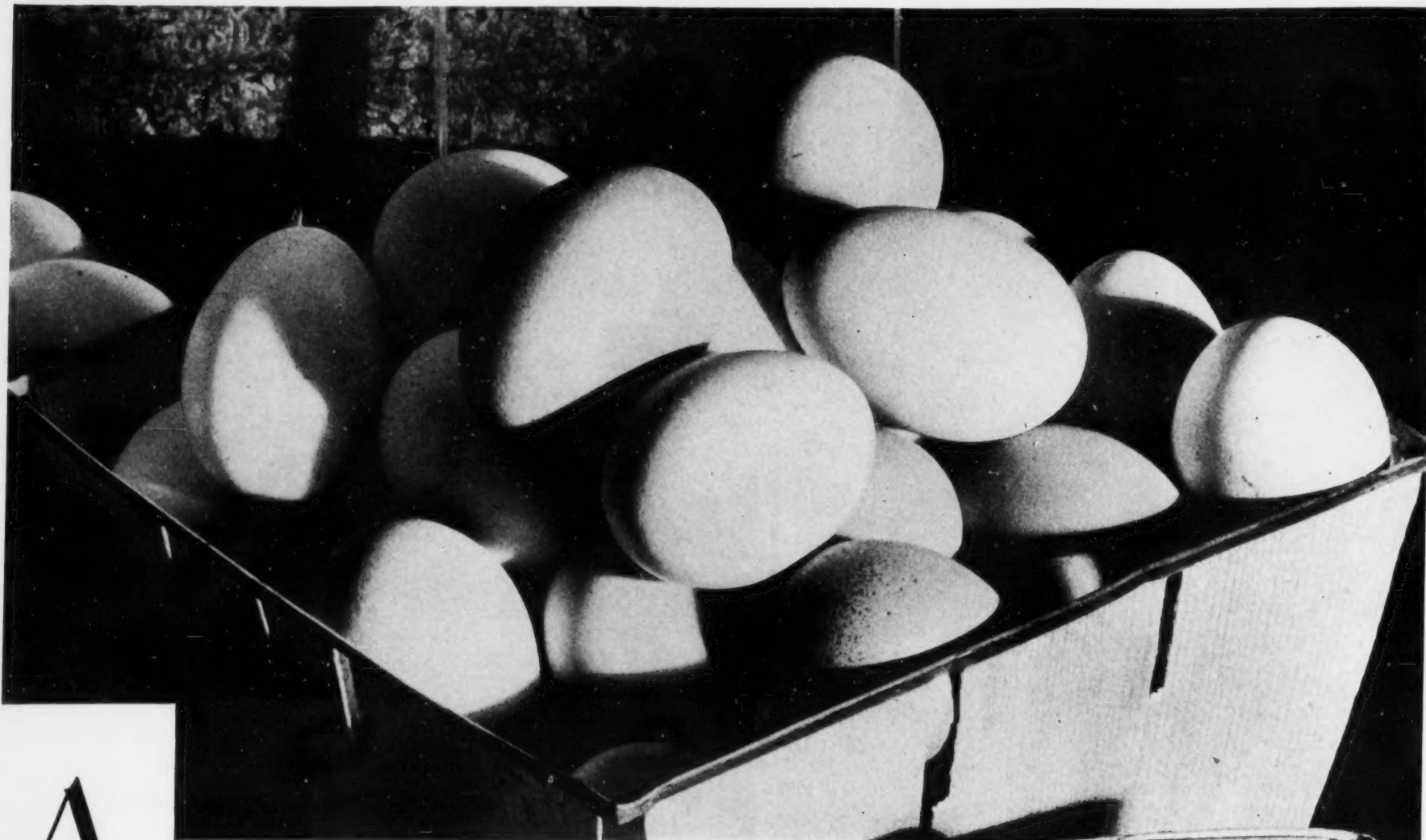
MID-WEEK

# Pictorial

THE NEWSPICTURE WEEKLY



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